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AH

# THROUGH CANADA

## WITH A KODAK

A (w

To.

Annie. J. Kirk.

From her. Cousin

James. A. Gowan

Ridgetown.

Ontario.

Aug 30. 1899.

*A Group of Canadian Boys [illegible]phed during a halt at a wayside station.*

# THROUGH CANADA

## WITH A KODAK.

BY THE COUNTESS OF
ABERDEEN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDINBURGH:
W. H. WHITE & CO.
1893.

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THE great majority of the illustrations in this book are printed from photographs taken by Lady Aberdeen's Kodak; but in some instances use has been made of photographs collected by Lord and Lady Aberdeen when travelling. As these were, however, mostly unmounted, the name of the photographer does not always appear, so that acknowledgment of their origin cannot in every case be recorded. But special mention must be made of Messrs Notman of Montreal, and Messrs Boorne and May of Calgary, whose well known work will be recognised in some of the illustrations inserted.

If in some cases there is an unavoidable omission of acknowledgment, an apology is hereby offered, any such omission being quite unintentional.

# PREFATORY NOTE.

THE papers contained in this little book were written during two tours in Canada, for the information and amusement of the Members and Associates of the ONWARD AND UPWARD ASSOCIATION, and were accordingly published in the Magazine *Onward and Upward* in 1891-92. They are merely the passing and superficial notes of a traveller journeying rapidly through the country, and desirous of conveying some impressions of the rich and varied attractions presented by "the Dominion," and which appear to be but very imperfectly realised by those at home, whether by the holiday seeker or the intending settler. They do not aspire to deal with the deeper questions of Canadian life or politics, but are merely recollections of delightful holiday trips made charming not only by the beauties of nature, but by the extraordinary kindness and hospitality of people of all classes in Canada. Looked upon thus in the light of a journal, these pages possess a peculiar attraction for their writer, in company with the little scraps of sketches and photographic views so dear to the heart of the tourist. But they appear to her to be scarcely worthy of being thus collected in the form of a volume. As, however, both the publisher and many kind readers of these jottings in their previous form have desired to see them thus gathered together, their wishes have been deferred to, and, with a full consciousness of their deficiencies, they are now gratefully dedicated to both the Members and Associates of the ONWARD AND UPWARD ASSOCIATION and to our friends and hosts in Canada.

ISHBEL ABERDEEN.

*Haddo House, Aberdeenshire, April 1893*

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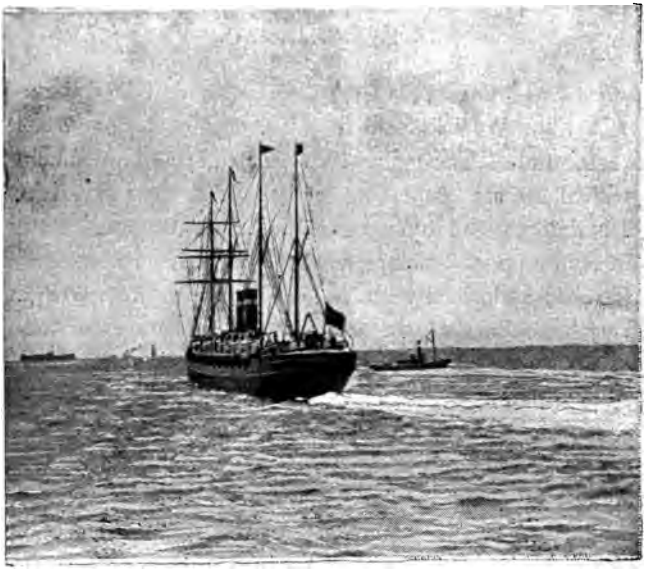
# I.

## OUTWARD BOUND.

A TRIP to Canada! Yes, we had often talked about it. We had paid a visit to India, Ceylon, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand; and we much wished to see something of this other vast and fair Dominion, which forms part of the British Empire. But, in spite of our voyagings, we have never been friends of the sea; and when we talked of Canada we were always very conscious of the fact that the wild waves of the ocean separated its shores by the space of seven days from Britain.

However, last year our desires, coupled with doctor's advice, overcame our fears, and on a fine evening in August we found ourselves dropping down the Mersey on board the s.s. "Parisian" of the Allan Line, one of the largest ships plying between this country and Canadian ports. Have you ever been on board an Atlantic liner when in port? If so, you know how delightful everything looks. A large beautiful deck above, snug little berths below; a splendid saloon, a reading-room, a smoking-room, books, music, games;

and you look in the pretty little prospectuses handed to you about the interior arrangements of the ship, and you see pictures of a happy company seated at long tables enjoying the best of fare, ladies and gentlemen



*Outward Bound—The "Parisian" "dropping down the Mersey."*

singing and playing, reading and playing at games, and altogether having a good time of it. Look at the pictures given in those pages, and say whether life at sea does not seem a very attractive thing, sailing along in one of these

brave ships under a good captain, surrounded by luxuries, and with no cares, no responsibilities, no work, no telegrams, no letters?

So one thinks and so one continues to think for an hour or two after starting; but wait a wee, and see if you don't begin to wish that you could give effect to second thoughts, when you find yourself tossing about in the Irish Channel in a gale a few hours later. But the least said

*A last peep of "Ould Ireland."*

about these experiences, and the wishes then rashly uttered, the better; and so I will tell you nothing of that August night, nor of the long wait we had next day at Moville, near Londonderry, for the English mails, which had been delayed some hours in crossing from Holyhead to Kingston, in consequence of the storm. I should like, though, to be able to give you a sight of our last glimpse of the shores of "Ould Ireland," as we saw them

disappearing next evening. A succession of bold bluffs and headlands jutting out into the sea, one beyond the other, as far as the eye could reach in the gathering darkness, the green slopes here and their just visible, and the heavy black clouds which had been overhanging us all day fringed with a glory of red and purple and orange. Lord Aberdeen and I leant over the taff-rail and caught some whiffs of a dear familliar peat-smoke, which sent us happy to our cabins that night. Pray enquire no further: you shall hear none of our groans. Suffice it to say that the 750 passengers on board were in a decidedly subdued frame of mind for a few days, your Editor amongst the number. She had not yet even conceived the idea of telling her friends of the Onward and Upward Association something about this expedition, or else she would doubtless have used her Kodak, to bring before you various scenes and attitudes of different degrees of misery. Our fellow-passengers therefore escaped the danger of being introduced thus to you, and I shall hope to show some of them to you in a happier aspect later on. When we began to be in a state to realise one another, we found that we might almost consider ourselves already in Canada. We were of all degrees: cabinet ministers, governors, senators, professors, business men, were there, and so were also emigrants of many various classes and from all countries, bound to many various destinations.

Some were going for the first time to seek their fortune they knew not where; some were going out to join friends who had already prospered; some were returning from paying a brief visit to their friends in "the old country," as we soon became Canadian enough to call it. Amongst such company, who were all also so willing to impart information to strangers and "tenderfeet" (this being the name for newcomers in Canada), we were able to pick up a good deal about the country and the people amongst whom we were going to live for the next three months. I will try to filter down to you a little of what they told us by degrees, but first I want to introduce to you a number of youthful emigrants, in whom I think you will be specially interested. These are a party of fifty young girls of all ages, from three to seventeen, taken from misery and destitution to Miss Rye's Homes, from whence they will be drafted either as servants or else adopted into colonists' homes. Much care has to be used in selecting only suitable, healthy children for emigration, but when this care is used there are endless openings for them in Canada. Miss Macpherson, whose name is so well known as having been the first lady to undertake the emigration of children, told us that this year she had had 900 applications for children, of which she had only been able to supply 150.

These little ones whom we saw on board the "Parisian" were all full of eager expectation regarding their new

homes, and, after the first few days of sea-sickness and discomfort consequent on the vaccination to which every steerage passenger to Canada must submit, they made themselves very happy with their skipping-ropes and various games. A part of the ship had been partitioned off and fitted up on purpose for them—a little dining place, a row of little tin basins and two storeys of little box-like berths where they lay snugly packed away at night; the kind matron, who had crossed the ocean some forty times on like business, sleeping in a little cabin opening into this special section.

The chaplain accompanying the ship often had special services for the children, and it was very pleasant to hear the bright hymn-singing, which always brought together a number of the other passengers. As we think of those little ones we wonder how they are getting on in their scattered homes. We had hoped to see them again in Miss Rye's Home, near Niagara, but, to our regret, we never managed the expedition. The matron told us that very probably a fortnight after we landed the children would all be engaged, or adopted in homes where they knew they would be cared for. I think I have behaved very badly to you in not having photographed either these children for you, or a typical emigrant Norwegian family, who would have made a delightful group if I could have made them understand what I wanted. There they were, father, mother, and a whole succession of little flaxen-

haired boys and girls, the latter each with a little yellow pig-tail, after the fashion of some of the foreign dolls we buy. There are always a number of Scandinavians in every ship-load of emigrants going to Canada, for they are most thrifty, hard-working people, and when they get settled, generally soon send money home to bring out their relations. I shall have more to tell you about them by-and-by. Meantime, I must tell you about what is always the great excitement of a voyage to Canada. We were seven days out from Liverpool, and were preparing, in various ways, for a concert, which was to be given on behalf of the Liverpool Home for the Orphan Children of Seamen who have perished at sea, when a rumour went round that an iceberg was in sight. An eager crowd was soon scanning the horizon with telescopes and field-glasses, and before long a tiny, cone-shaped, glistening white hill hove in sight, resplendent with shades of transparent green and blue. We looked at it, and we photograped it, and we sketched it, and we talked about it, till another, and yet another, came in view, and during that evening and next day some thirteen were seen in all the various lights of sunset and sunrise, and mid-day. They were very beautiful, but their beauty needs to be *seen* to be understood. I am almost ashamed to let you see the reproduction of a little sketch I attempted when the first iceberg was visible on the horizon. These icebergs, which are

morsels detached from the great glaciers of Greenland by the summer sun, cause great anxiety to the officers commanding ships on the Atlantic. This is more especially the case in the neighbourhood of Newfoundland, which is very subject to fogs; for, as the saying goes, it is celebrated for "fog, dog, and cod." Often and often ships have to lie outside the Straits of Belle-Isle for days enwrapped in dense fog, afraid to budge,

*The first Iceberg on the horizon.*

in case one of these great ice monsters may be looming near at hand, ready to overwhelm the unwary seaman and his craft. This very ship of ours, the "Parisian," had a narrow escape in May. In the fog she ran atilt against what was called a small iceberg, but which one of the passengers described to me as having a most alarming appearance. In a moment there appeared as a vision just in front of the bows, a towering white mass, part of which seemed to overshadow the deck.

This passenger told me that the feeling of alarm was swallowed up in an overpowering sense of wonder and awe at the marvellousness and magnificence of the scene presented, and that it was only later, when the skill of captain and officers had averted a catastrophe, that the perilous position in which the ship had been placed was fully realised.

The bright sun and clear skies which we enjoyed gave us immunity from all such dangers. We sailed peacefully through the Straits, on either side of us the line of the low blue hills of Labrador and Newfoundland gleaming in the sun, and in the reflected light of long, trailing, flaky, pinky-white clouds, which we soon began to associate with Canadian skies. Then we floated out of sight of land again, into the great gulf of St. Lawrence, on into the big river itself, along the picturesque shores of French Canada, dotted with groups of cosy, wee, tin-roofed cottages, in which lived the French-Canadian fishermen, and every now and again a picturesque little church and school. It was all very peaceful, and a great contrast to the beginning of our voyage. But I must not linger longer over our voyage, and so I leave you, till next letter, within sight of the beautiful city of Quebec.

*Quebec, from the South Side of the River*

## II.

### QUEBEC.

NO words could ever describe Quebec; so you must try to form an idea of it from the pictures we have given you. We saw it in every variety of weather:—first, in the uncertain reddish light of a dull sunrise on the morning of our arrival; and next in a howling storm; then, when its bright spires glittered in the glorious Canadian noon-day, or with the grey of its old gables transfigured in the sunset. We saw its bright roofs and spires bathed in the sunlight of noon; again in all the glories of a gold and purple sunset; and at night we saw the whole city gleaming with the myriads of electric lights shining about her crags. Quebec exercises a curious fascination on the visitor; it transports him into the past whether he wills it or no; the sentiment of the place dominates him, and it is the only town that I have seen which I can conceive imposing on her children the same strange potent spell which binds us Scotch folk to our own never-to-be-surpassed "Auld Reekie."

It is strange that the emigrant to the New World

should make acquaintance with it first in this old-world city, full of associations and traces of the past—its very inhabitants seeming to transport you to a France of two or three centuries ago. Nevertheless, the emigrant will find that the demands of the present and future have not been forgotten, that his needs have not been overlooked, and that the Government and the Railway Companies have amply provided for his reception. And besides the Government and the Railways, there is the Women's Protective Immigration Society, which takes special charge of all women emigrants disembarking at Quebec, whether travelling alone, or with one of those protected parties—by far the best auspices to travel under—which have special arrangements on board ship, and a matron to themselves. I hope to say something later on in these papers to young women thinking of emigrating; but meanwhile I would like to take this opportunity of saying that there is a constant demand for women-servants in all parts of Canada, the wages being from $8 to $12 (£1, 12s. to £2, 8s.) a month in Eastern Canada, and increasing as you go Westward to as much as $20 (£4) per month. Good general servants, who are not afraid to work, and who will adapt themselves to the ways of the country, are sure to get on in Canada and to find happy homes. Girls who only wish to take to one branch of domestic work had better not go, except in limited numbers, as it is the exception, not the rule, to keep

more than one servant, and those will succeed best who will put their hands heartily and readily to anything. Servants who have had some training in general work will be particularly valued. If any girls reading these words make up their minds to emigrate, they cannot do better than go out with one of the protected parties arranged by the Hon. Mrs. Joyce, of the United British Women's Emigration Society. The passage with one of these parties costs £4, 10s., and all who go may be sure of securing a situation immediately on arrival.

But to return to our own doings at Quebec. The scene on our arrival at the wharf was a busy one. Most of the emigrants disembarked here, and we saw our little friends destined for Miss Rye's Homes marched off two and two very happily to the train which was to convey them further West. There were a great many "Good-byes" to be said to our good captain and officers, and to the friends we had made on our passage out, and who were all now dispersing far and near. Soon we were crossing the river in a ferry-boat, and next found ourselves dashing up the queerest, quaintest, roughest, steepest streets you can imagine. These led up to the Citadel, which crowns the heights, and where the Governor-General lives when he is staying at Quebec.

The present Governor-General, Lord Stanley of Preston, and his wife, Lady Stanley, were not at Quebec when we arrived; but they sent us the kindest of welcomes, along

with a hospitable invitation to stay at the Citadel. And never did any guests feel more grateful than we, when we found ourselves in a cosy room overlooking the town and the busy river. We watched our old friend the "Parisian" making ready for her further journey to Montreal, and we "Kodaked" her, and, as she steamed away, waved our final greetings with a towel out of the window.

Then we had time to take in our position, and to survey the whole surrounding country from a delightful terrace which had been built out beyond the spacious ball-room erected whilst Lord Lorne and Princess Louise were in Canada. In the distance lay long lines of low blue hills; the broad, stately river winding below, laden with vessels of every description bound to and from many European ports, while darting in and out amongst them flashed the white sails of pleasure boats. The city, with the imposing tower of its University, its many spires, its bright roofs made of plates of tin, presents a strange contrast to the heights clad with verdure and forest which met the eye of the adventurous French explorer, Jacques Cartier, who arrived here in the autumn of 1535, with his three ships, the "Grande Hermine" (120 tons), the "Petite Hermine" (60 tons), and the "Emerillon" (40 tons), and stayed one whole winter. We could not but often dream that we could see those three brave little ships, with their gallant captain, floating in these

*Quebec, from Montmorenci.*

unexplored waters, and exciting the wonder of the Indian Prince Donnacona and his savages, crowding around the new arrivals in their little bark canoes.

You must get out your history-books if you want to go back to that time, and, if you want to trace out how Quebec was founded a half-century later by Champlain, how it became half a mission, half a trading station, how it was defended against the many attacks of the Indians, and became the centre of the colony of New France; and then how it was neglected and misgoverned by corrupt officials from France, and finally how it was conquered by the splendid daring of General Wolfe in 1759. We had the great advantage of seeing the scenes of all those historic deeds under the able guidance of M. Lemoine, the historian of Quebec, to whose kind care we had been confided by our friend Sir Alexander Campbell, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, whom we were fortunate enough to have as one of our fellow-passengers in the "Parisian." M. Lemoine showed us the steep precipitous cliff up which Wolfe and his men clambered that memorable night, and the spot where he overthrew the few men carelessly guarding the heights; where his men formed up in line, and advanced over the plains of Abraham; where Moncalm, the gallant French defender, rode out and saw the English red-coats, and heard the Highland bagpipes, and exclaimed, "This is a serious business!" Then we saw the spot where Wolfe fell

pierced by three bullets—where he fell, only to hear the cry, a moment later, "They run! see how they run!" "Who run?" demanded Wolfe. "The enemy, sir. They give way everywhere." "Go," said the dying man, "go, one of you to Colonel Burton, and tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." And then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now God be praised. I will die in peace," and expired. Almost at the same moment his noble-hearted enemy received his death-wound, though riding into the city he tried to reassure his friends, saying "It is nothing; it is nothing!" We saw also the monument in the Governor's garden, which commemorates both the conquered and the conquering General.

But I have not space to tell more of all we saw at Quebec, nor of the delightful day we spent at the falls of Montmorenci—higher than those of Niagara—and known to the people of the neighbourhood as "La Vache" (the cow), because the foam has the appearance of frothing milk.

In the winter this spray freezes till a cone is formed some seventy feet high. Then sledges with metal runners called "*toboggans*" are prepared, and from the height of this cone the young people of Quebec amuse themselves by shooting down one after another, and sliding away far across the smooth surface of the river below. Oh, the fun these Canadians have in winter,

*The Falls of Montmorenci.*

with their sledging, their skating, their tobogganing, and their snow-shoe expeditions. The snow-shoe is a necessary equipment for those who have to take long journeys in the winter. It looks rather like a lawn-tennis racket, and consists of a light frame with netting across, which prevents the wearer from sinking into the snow. But some practice is required in order to use this novel oot-gear easily.

One word about the French Canadians. They are a thrifty, contented, law-abiding, religious people. When the British conquered Quebec they wisely allowed the people to retain their own laws and customs, and the result is that nowhere can be found more loyal subjects of the British Crown. The atmosphere of modern France has never reached them, and they are still the same simple Norman and Briton peasants who came out some hundreds of years ago. They are very much influenced by their priests, who maintain a strict rule over them and all their family affairs. The regulations are very strict—for instance, about dancing, the popular snow-shoe expeditions, and other amusements. Some restrictions are, however, being relaxed. For example, fifty years ago meat was absolutely forbidden all through the forty days of Lent, and this was found to be a great hardship in many cases in that severe climate. The rule has not been so rigidly enforced of late years.

The French in Canada are increasing rapidly by reason

of the large families they generally have. Twelve, fourteen, and sixteen children are quite an ordinary-sized family, while we heard of a well-authenticated case of one couple rearing forty-four children. The country is therefore filling up, and some of the people are moving into the New England States, and westward to Manitoba.

The general desire is, however, to stick to their own country, and the Quebec Government facilitates this by giving 100 acres free to every family which numbers twelve children. As we drove along the well-kept road to and from Montmorenci, we passed various characteristic little villages; the houses bear evidence of being built for contingencies of either extremes of climate: verandahs and green sun-shutters, and netting over doors and windows, as protection against the blazing heat and the mosquitoes and flies, but also peculiarly-shaped roofs, curved at the bottom in such a way as to prevent the snow from making a permanent lodgment.

The crops we saw were very poor indeed, but we were told that it had been a very bad year for agriculturists round about Quebec. We were especially struck by the universal civility and gentle courtesy of the people—no pushing either of themselves or of their sights, only a quiet readiness to help strangers, and to give them any information which they might be in need of, without looking for reward. When we were in Quebec we imagined this was the hereditary French politeness

showing itself, but our experience afterwards showed us that civility and a spirit of kindliness towards visitors is more or less a characteristic of all Canadians.

There is much more that I would like to tell you about Quebec and its neighbourhood, but my space is more than filled, and I cannot even describe to you the little carts, dragged by dogs trained to harness, like those

*A Quebec Caleche.*

used in this country in bygone days, until they were forbidden by law; nor yet can I dilate on the curious old-fashioned vehicle, peculiar to Quebec, called a *caleche*. You see a picture of one here. Try to imagine a very high gig, with a hood, swung on enormously high C-shaped springs; next imagine a weedy looking horse tearing along, after the fashion of Quebec horses, at full gallop

up and down streets steeper than the Edinburgh High Street, and full of holes and pitfalls, and then you will be able to judge of the courage of those who trust their persons in such a conveyance. Nevertheless, I will confide to you that we found this method of progression most comfortable, and we congratulate Quebecers on having discovered a way of making the roughness of their streets unperceivable to the traveller.

And now adieu to Quebec. We shall meet again in Montreal.

## III.

### MONTREAL.

"GLAD to see you at Montreal!" "Well, and what do you think of Canada?" "Lord Aberdeen, I think? You're heartily welcome, sir!" "Grand hotel this! Nothing to beat it on the Continent!" Such-like were the greetings which fell on our ears as we entered into the vast central hall of the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, after a hot and dusty railway journey from Quebec. This hall and the spacious dining-saloon and public drawing-rooms of the hotel are practically a club for the inhabitants of Montreal and its visitors. Here we find many of our fellow-passengers from the "Parisian" again—here, too, was our captain; this celebrity and that were pointed out to us by the head waiter, as they sat at the innumerable small tables at meals, and before many hours had passed we felt ourselves quite *habitués* of Canada's commercial capital, and accustomed to her ways. Quite conscientiously, too, could we pass muster with the most exacting Canadian in paying due tribute to the comforts, the conveniences, and the splendour of the Windsor Hotel.

As at Quebec, our thoughts irresistibly turned to the contrast between this proud and splendid city, with her beautiful buildings, and churches, and universities, to the nestling Indian village found by Jacques Cartier at

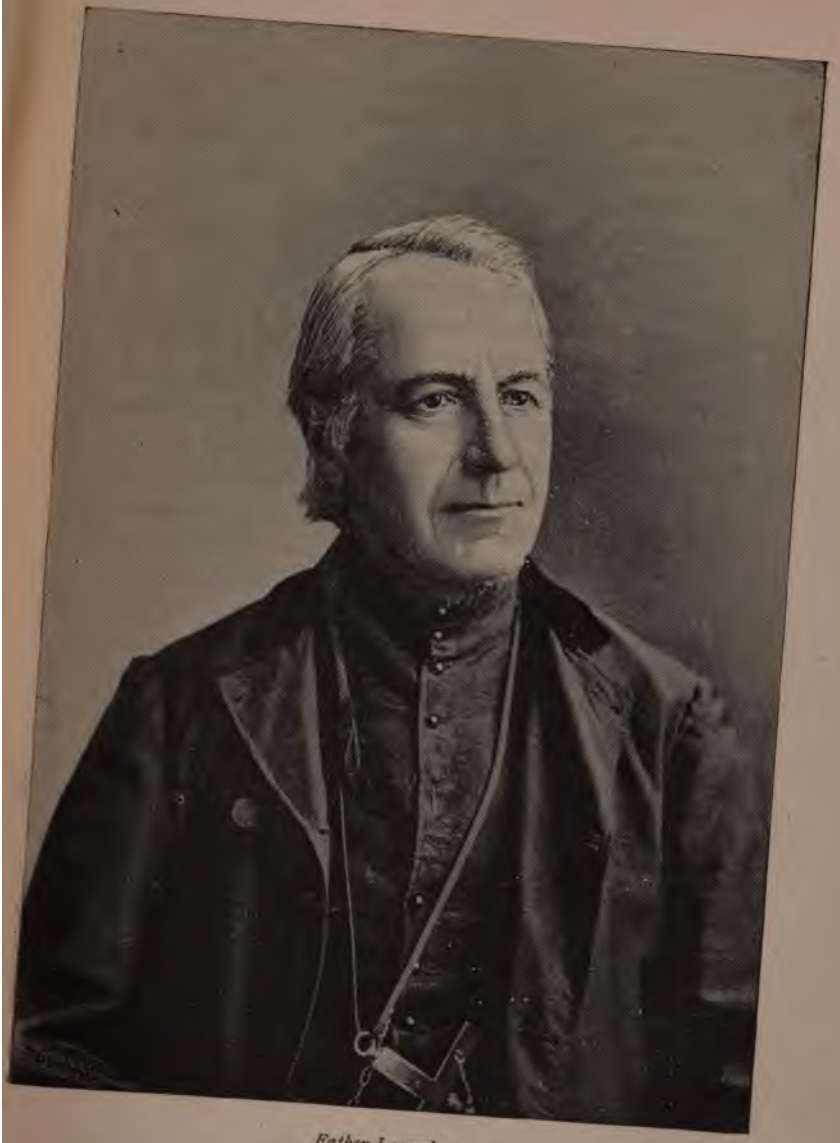
*Jacques Cartier.*

the foot of the mountain which he first called Mont Royal (the royal mountain), in honour of his king. We fancied we could see the groups of "braves," with their squaws and children, crowding out of their little huts to

*Montreal*

would fly from no other enemy. He instanced one case in which a friend of his was so sensitive to their bites, that he had to stop every half-hour on the march to wash away the blood which was pouring from his head and face.

We had all manner of stories that night, for amongst Sir Donald's guests were—Mr Shaughnessy, the Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway; the Rev. Mr Barclay, whom many of you may have heard of, as he was colleague with Dr Macgregor, at St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, for some years before going to the Montreal congregation, by whom he is held in such high esteem; and last, but not least, Father Lacombe, a priest missionary amongst the Indians, who has given all his life to their cause. I have had a photograph of him engraved so that you may have a glimpse of the kindly, noble old face. He lives far away in the North-West, and is not often seen in civilised haunts, but his name is everywhere loved and respected among Protestants and Roman Catholics alike. His life of love and whole-hearted devotioin to his mission has gained for him enormous influence amongst "*mes sauvages*," as he playfully calls the Indians. For instance, when the Canadian Pacific Railway Company first began to lay out their railway through the red man's territory, there were rumours, and more than rumours, that the wild "Bloods" and "Blackfeet" meditated wrecking the pathway of the



*Father Lacombe.*

iron fiend which threatened their solitudes. Father Lacombe's aid was invoked as mediator, and the "Bloods" and the "Blackfeet" buried the hatchet. His talk with us will always be a happy remembrance; his fatherly solicitude over his flock, and the way in which he identifies himself with them is most touching. "You must never drive the Indians, or frighten them; you must draw them by ever telling them of the love of the Father." Only once, he told us, was he in momentary danger from any Indian. An Indian lad had been falling into bad ways, and Father Lacombe told him that if he persisted in these ways he would surely reap the fruits of his sin. A few days later the boy was ill, and Father Lacombe went to see him, and, laying his hand on his knee, asked him how he was. The boy jumped up in a fury, and, seizing a knife, made a lunge at the missionary, which, fortunately, the latter eluded by a rapid movement. The boy had remembered the words spoken to him a few days before, and thought that Father Lacombe had the power to bring punishment and death upon him by merely touching him. Amongst other work done for the Indian by this good man has been the making of grammars and translations of parts of the Bible and other books for their use. He says that when he is quite worn out with active work, he will come and build a Hermitage near Haddo House, and write books for and about his Indians.

Some day I must tell you of other missions amongst the Indians, of the Church of England's Mission, and of our Presbyterian Church Mission, which are doing splendid work, and for which I would like to ask your support. To-day I have simply told you our impressions of one who is surely following Christ, if ever man did, and taking His message of love and mercy to dark souls, and to whom, therefore, all Christians can with heart and soul say, "God speed." Meanwhile I must tell you how Mr. Barclay joined with Pere Lacombe in telling us of the North-West. He had gone with the Canadian troops as chaplain on the expedition to quell the last insurrection amongst the half-breeds, and we were told on all hands how magnificent his tall manly figure looked in uniform, and how his conduct with the troops won for him universal respect. I wish you could have heard him describing the services he had in far out-of-the-way places on the Sabbaths. The military band led the psalms and hymns, and the host of men's voices rose up in the open air, in regions where divine worship had never before awakened echoes, and amongst the worshippers were found lonely settlers who had for years been far from any church, and who hailed this opportunity of joining in public prayer and praise once more, and to whose eyes the sound of the well-known tunes brought tears of joy.

One more glimpse must I give you of the interior of

Sir Donald's hospitable mansion — not of his library, lined with the beautiful red wood of California and British Columbia; not of his unique Japanese room, where you might spend hours in examining curiosities which can be seen nowhere else out of Japan; not of his beautifully decorated drawing-rooms; but of one picture in his picture gallery. It is full of other treasures, but this is one you would like most to see. It is painted by a French artist, and the scene is in France. A number of peasant girls, their heads veiled after foreign custom, are passing up the lane to the little church in the distance, their friends standing about in groups invoking blessings on the young lives about to dedicate themselves to God's service. In the foreground of the picture we have a touching scene of one family kissing and blessing their own child, about to join her companions. Grandparents and parents lift up their hands and eyes to heaven on behalf of their darling, whose face bears a look of such humility, and love, and steadfastness, that one turns away from the picture with the sense that one has been standing on hallowed ground.

But the boat which is to take us westward is waiting for us at Lachine, and if we are to arrive at Hamilton next month we must hurry westwards. So, good-bye, Sir Donald, and good-bye to your guests; but *au revoir!*

*"The First Communion."*

## IV.

### A CANADIAN LAKE VOYAGE.

THAT was a mistake when I said the boat was waiting for us at Lachine! I must have been thinking of the Lachine Rapids, which are one of the sights which all right-minded visitors to Montreal go and see, and down which they generally descend in a steamer. We had fully intended to include them in our programme, but want of time and heavy rain prevented our going, and so I cannot give you the description of an eye-witness. There are a number of these rapids on the St. Lawrence, those of Lachine being the best known. They presented formidable obstacles to the early explorers, until the Indians guided them over the dangers in their bark canoes. It is said that the safest course for the steamboats to take was discovered by first shooting the rapids on rafts, on the bottom of which were nailed many spikes of wood, and the deepest course was then known by examining which spikes had been broken off by contact with the rocks, and which remained intact.

A somewhat risky experience? But think of the

anxiety which the first captain must have suffered who took a steamer full of passengers down this succession of waterfalls, with rocks which can be touched on either side with a boathook. It is not thought much of a feat now, however, when it is done every day in the utmost safety.

We determined to make the most of our last day at Montreal, and so, instead of joining the boat either at Montreal itself or at Lachine, we left late in the afternoon by train to Coteau, about 30 miles west of the city. There we had ordered a "machine" to meet us to drive us for the mile and a half between the station and the river. But our "machine" did not turn up, and we fell to the mercy of a youthful Jehu with an extremely shaky and antediluvian trap, who took a mischievous pleasure in landing us ever and anon in deep black ruts with which the road abounded, looking back with a twinkle to enjoy the anxious glances of his passengers at the angle in which the frail wheels found themselves during these plunges. But the rough transit did not blind our eyes to the peaceful French Canadian scenes through which we were passing, nor to the gorgeousness of the golden sunset which was glorifying the whole landscape. Soon we were established in our new abode, the "Corsican," with its clean cabins and attentive stewards, and its genial, sailor-like captain, who had been navigating the river for twenty-eight years, but who came originally

from Maidenhead. He was good enough to invite us to his own upper deck, near the steerman's cabin, and once having clambered up the precipitous ladder which led thither, we enjoyed a magnificent view. That first evening was lovely; the glow of the sunset melting into full moonlight in an incredibly short space of time, and we sat and sketched, and congratulated ourselves on having taken the boat instead of the hot stuffy train. Next day was too hazy and grey for a proper view of the far-famed "Thousand Islands," through which the "Corsican" threaded her passage. No name could better describe the scene than the "Thousand Islands." The broad river, which, at places, is seven miles across, is literally studded with islands of all shapes and sizes, some scarcely more than a rock on which a bush has taken root, others large enough to maintain a small colony. Nearly every island has its villa and its flag, and its little pier with brightly coloured pleasure boats lying around. Steam launches ply busily from one point to another, whistling importantly their approach, while fishermen are seen pursuing their craft devotedly in every little bay. The air resounds with the laughter of picnic parties; for this is one of the great holiday haunts of the Americans, and at night the villas and the hotels vie one with another as to who can best illuminate their respective islands. It is therefore a gay and attractive scene that the river here presents, but we agreed that it has not the same imposing

beauty that we saw further east. But now, in the afternoon, we are approaching Kingston, full of historical associations, from the old days of Frontenac onwards, and which commands the river in a most picturesque way. Our captain told us we could have just two hours ashore, and so we hurried off, desirous first of all to assure ourselves of the well-being of a daughter of one of Lord Aberdeen's tenants who had emigrated hither two or three years back. We found her happy and bright, and quite a Canadian, giving her verdict in favour of the "new

*Kingston, Ontario.*

country" most emphatically. She had been with the same mistress ever since she came out, and appeared to be a great favourite with the latter. Having received this further testimony in favour of the emigration to Canada of the right sort of hard-working girls, we proceeded round the sights of the town, under the guidance of a genuine Irish cabman, who did the honours impartially of the Barracks, of the Military College, of the Martello Towers, and of the Penitentiary and the Lunatic Asylum,

and the Queen's College—this latter being a Presbyterian University, presided over by the well-known and eloquent Principal Grant. Then, after a comfy little tea at the hotel, we scurried back in good time before the bell of departure sounded, and we sailed out into Lake Ontario in the rays of the setting sun in the happy delusion that we were to glide over waters as smooth as the river which we had just left, till we found ourselves at Toronto, which we were to reach next morning.

Alas for our hopes! We descended to supper, but scarcely were we seated, than swish-swash came a wave through the port hole, sweeping over glasses and plates in its passage. We do not know much of what happened in the upper saloon after that. We were each alone in our narrow berth bewailing our folly for having trusted the treacherous waters instead of having resorted, bag and baggage, to the train at Kingston. But, at three in the morning, hark, what is that whistle? What is that welcome clanking of a chain? Are we stopping? Yes indeed. And is there any chance of escape? The thought occurred simultaneously to two passengers, who appeared with wan faces and dishevelled hair at the door of their cabins at the same time, and confronted one another with the same question. The thought was quickly put into action, after Lord Aberdeen had obtained the kindly co-operation of the captain, who even refrained from scoffing at such deserters, and admitted that it had

come up a pretty stiff and unexpected gale. And a few minutes later we were left rejoicing on a deserted pier with naught but a tea-ketttle, a plaid, and an umbrella in our hands. But a Robinson Crusoe inhabited that pier —as fate would have it, he was Cruso by name—and he was like his namesake in hospitality also, and in his ability for making the best of whatever strangers came his way. He asked not our name or our business, but made us free of the office which he occupied as agent for the steam-boats. He asked us if we wanted anything, he provided us with money, he volunteered to stir up a cab in the town to fetch us to the station a couple of hours later, and he showed us his method of getting water out of the lake by means of a soda-water bottle with a long string round the neck. What say you to this as a specimen of Canadian hospitality and courtesy? The recipients of it were, any way, genuinely grateful, and very joyfully did we balance ourselves on the edge of the pier in the dark, and, in the midst of the gale, fish for water, and then make our tea in the shelter of the office, listening to the storm outside. You will think us very cowardly sailors, I fear; but it is no joke, I assure you; and if you love not a storm at sea, remember our advice and keep to the train when you come out to Canada. Mr. Cruso was as good as his word, and in due course a cabman, who had been unwillingly aroused out of his early morning slumbers, appeared, and about

5 A.M. we boarded a train bound West, in which with difficulty we found a corner among the half-awake passengers who had been travelling all night. From the window we caught a glimpse of our poor ship ploughing her way through the waves, and we congratulated ourselves afresh on our escape. We got long before her to Toronto, but not even here at the "Queen City" did we halt. We were to make acquaintance with her a few days later under more auspicious circumstances, and so we only stopped long enough to change from one train to another, which, skirting along the lake, brought us after an hour's journey, within sight of a most attractive first view of our new Canadian home. You shall not see this view yet. I will but put you down on the platform at Hamilton, and we will go on to "Highfield," and prepare breakfast and a warm welcome for you there.

## V.

### HAMILTON.

I AM sure that any of you who have travelled will agree that one of its chief pleasures is coming home again. And we felt almost like getting home when we walked into the cool, comfortable dining-room, where breakfast had been prepared for us by those of our household who had preceded us to "Highfield," the house which was to be our home whilst in Canada. Here is a picture of Highfield. I will but give you one of Hamilton, for it is a place which photographs do not do full justice to. The town lies on a gently rising slope round the head of a beautiful bay, and nestles under a steep ridge, which stretches miles and miles away to the heights of Niagara. Here it shelteringly protects the town, which fondly acknowledges its sway, and which demands from all strangers and new-comers a due tribute of loyal admiration for the "Mountain." As an illustration of this admiration, the day after we arrived, a boy, of about thirteen, came up to Lord Aberdeen as he was walking in the grounds, and said, "Is Lord Haddo at

home?" "Well, no, he is not, but I am his father. What do you want with him?"

"Well, I wanted to interview him, and ask him what his lordship thought of our city, and I wanted to put the interview in my father's newspaper."

Lord Aberdeen was rather startled, in spite of having become somewhat familiarised to the custom of "interviewing" which prevails universally on the other side of the water, by means of which public men make known their views. He had scarcely, however, expected his eleven-year old son to be called upon to give his opinions as yet, and he tried to explain to the youthful journalist that in the old country boys were not expected to air their views so soon. But our young friend was not easily baffled. He still persisted in asking "if Lord Haddo had made arrangements to inspect the public buildings of the city, and especially if he had visited the *Mountain*, and what he thought of *that*." Lord Aberdeen informed him that his boy was at that moment enjoying a clamber up the steep, and did his best to satisfy his enterprising enquirer by expressing his own appreciation of the heights under whose shade they were standing.

Well, climb up this Mountain (almost on the side of which stands Highfield), in the cool of an early September evening, and see the town spreading itself out east and west below you—wide and well-kept streets, trim lawns

*Highfield, Hamilton, Ontario.*

as green as those in England, houses nestling amongst trees, handsome buildings, church spires and factory chimneys competing for pre-eminence. And beyond the city, and its manufactories, and its wharves, lies the bay, all gleaming with the bright colours of the setting sun, amid which little yachts and pleasure boats are making their way home. Our thoughts linger fondly over the restful days spent in this peaceful retreat, and I fancy that both we and our children associate Highfield to a great extent with sunshine and butterflies. Perhaps we had a little more of the former than we cared for just at first—for days with the thermometer over 90 deg. in the shade do not as a rule commend themselves to Scottish-bred folk. But after all we had not much to grumble at, for the heat was not accompanied by our much dreaded foes, the blood-thirsty mosquitoes. True, this race of pests, who are supposed to avoid Hamilton as a rule, had sent out this year an advance guard to survey the place, and even we, though late in the season, heard ominous trumpetings as we laid our heads on our pillows, but it seems that as yet they were but vegetarian specimens of the race who had arrived, for none of our party suffered at there hands. Nor did they suffer at ours. We did not capture a single specimen. And this is a great deal to say for such an insect-hunting family as we must confess ourselves to be.

As we sat in the pretty secluded little grounds which

*The Gore, Hamilton, Ontario.*

surround Highfield that first day, we became conscious that we were by no means alone, and our children, who had joined us, were soon in full pursuit of the wonderful creatures, which looked like butterflies on the wing, but turned into grasshoppers when they alighted, of the "Camberwell Beauties," and the "Admirals," and the many other brightly-coloured visitors of our garden. But we did not do much that first day—we had not the necessary implements, and we had to sally forth in search of the wherewithal to make butterfly nets, and killing-boxes, and specimen boxes, and I know not what. (And here, by way of parenthesis, I must beg the readers of "WEE WILLIE WINKIE," who look in here, to understand that we are a family of scientific entomologists, that we employ the most humane methods in killing our victims, that we should look with horror on any one who should stick pins through them alive, and that we do not kill those we do not need for our cabinet. Pray forgive this parenthesis, good readers. I feared that we might be confounded with the cruel boy whom our magazine has held up to reprobation.)

And here let me introduce the four young butterfly-hunters of Highfield. Of course, if you ever hear that their mother—your staid editor—joined them in their wild pursuit of her majesty the glorious red-winged swift-flying "Queen of Spain," or if you hear of her anointing telegraph poles and trees with honey and

*Lord Haddo. Aged 11.*

*Lady Marjorie H. Gordon. Aged 9.*

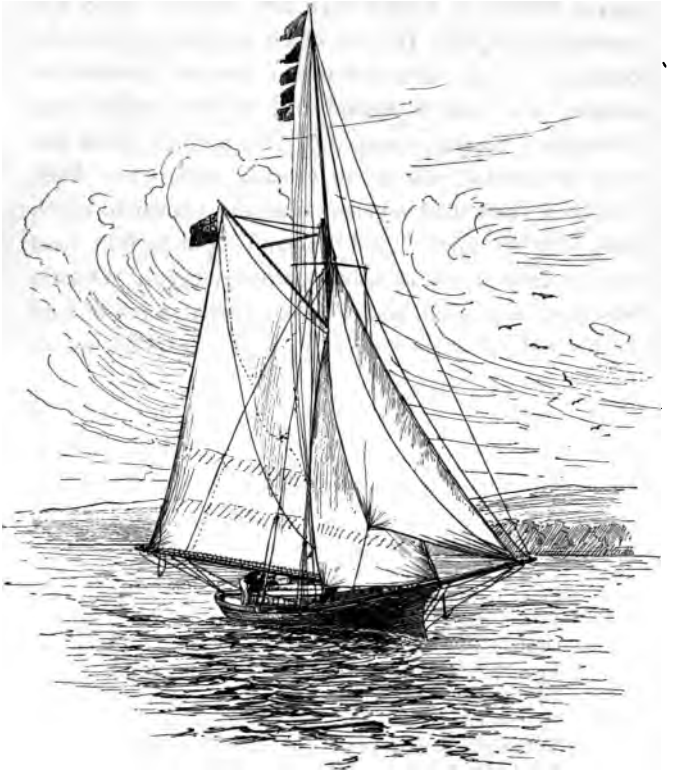
molasses, and flitting about with others of the staff of "ONWARD AND UPWARD" at dead of night, with lanterns, capturing unwary, but magnificent, moths, who had imbibed the sweet draughts too freely, you will surely not believe such tales!

Suffice it to say that a really beautiful collection of moths and butterflies resulted from our stay at Highfield,

*Hon. Dudley and Hon. Archie H. Gordon. Aged 6 and 5.*

a collection doomed to an untimely end, for during their transit to me, they got so battered, that it was only left to mother and daughter to mingle their tears together over their ashes. We must not ask you to linger with us in our lamentations over our broken treasures. We live in hope of replacing them some day, and meanwhile we

have other memories of Hamilton which we wish to share with you.



*A Hamilton Yacht.*

A hundred years ago Hamilton had barely begun to exist. But the few who were then ploughing up the land on which the city now stands were of the stamp which makes nations to rejoice over her children. You will remember that after the war which resulted in the independence of the United States, a number of American people, who had remained true to the British flag throughout the war, resolved to give up their lands and their homes and migrate to Canada, rather than dwell in a land which had revolted from the Crown to which they were so loyal. And England right joyfully held out her arms to these noble-hearted refugees. Ontario was then unpeopled, and so two hundred acres of land in this rich province were granted free to every one of these United Empire Loyalists, as they were called. U.E. Loyalists they are now usually designated, and those who can trace their parentage to these families count it a proud descent, and glory in it.

"And they who have loved
The cause that had been lost, and kept their faith
To England's Crown, and scorned an alien name,
Passed into exile; leaving all behind
Except their honour, and the conscious pride
Of duty done to country and to King.
Broad lands, ancestral homes, the gathered wealth
Of patient toil and self-denying years
Were confiscate and lost; for they had been
The salt and savour of the land, trained up
In honour, loyalty, and fear of God.
. . . . . .

"Not drooping like poor fugitives, they came
In exodus to our Canadian wilds:
But full of heart and hope, with heads erect
And fearless eyes, victorious in defeat.
With thousand toils they forced their devious way
Through the great wilderness of silent woods
That gloomed o'er lake and stream; till higher rose
The northern star above the broad domain
Of half a continent, still theirs to hold,
Defend, and keep forever as their own;
Their own and England's, to the end of time.

. . . . . .

"King's gifts upon the exiles were bestowed.
Ten thousand homes were planted; and each one,
With axe and fire, and mutual help, made war
Against the wilderness, and smote it down.
Into the open glades, unlit before,
Since forests grew, or rivers ran, there leaped
The sun's bright rays, creating heat and light,
Waking to life the buried seeds that slept
Since time's beginning in the earth's dark womb.

. . . . . .

"To keep the empire one in unity
And brotherhood of its imperial race,
For that they nobly fought and bravely lost,
Where losing was to win a higher fame!
In building up our northern land to be
A vast dominion stretched from sea to sea—
A land of labour, but of sure reward—
A land of corn to feed the world withal—
A land of life's rich treasures, plenty, peace;
Content and freedom, both to speak and do,
A land of men to rule with sober law
This part of Britain's Empire, next to the heart,
Loyal as were their fathers, and as free."

—*Kirkby.*

One of the earliest of these refugees was Robert Laud, and he selected the head of the lake, more because of the game to be found there, and the scenery, than because of the fertility of the soil. His first acre was ploughed with a hoe, sown with a bushel of wheat, and harrowed with a leafy bough. He was his own miller, too, for some years, until a French-Canadian arrived and set up a mill some seven miles away. Then other farmers came, and in 1813 George Hamilton laid out his farm in village lots, and gave the future town its name. Lying as it does so near the frontier, it did not escape anxious times during the war of 1812 and the following years, and in 1832 it narrowly escaped destruction at the hands of a terrible visitation of the cholera, and the same year by a raging fire. These trials did but prove the mettle of the inhabitants of the young town, and perhaps furnish the reason why its streets are now so broad, and so cared for, its buildings so solid, its sanitary arrangements so thoroughly looked into, its provisions against destruction by fire so complete. A popular writer described Hamilton in 1858 as "the ambitious and stirring little city," and the name stuck; only "little" she is no longer, being the third city in the Dominion, having a population of over 50,000, and her critics have missed out the "stirring," so if you seek for news of Hamilton in the general newspapers, you must look for it under the heading "The Ambitious City." But she is not, and

*View on Hamilton Bay.*

need not, be ashamed of this nickname, for she has shown herself ambitious to some purpose. I could take up a large part of these Canadian talks by describing to you the public buildings and their uses, the magnificent school buildings and the good work that goes on in them, the institutions—social, literary, philanthropic, and religious—the many manufactories which cause this town to be regarded as the Birmingham of Canada, the acres of vineyards around the fruit gardens and orchards, which gives this part of the country the name of "the Garden of Canada," the churches of all denominations whose services we attended, and above all, the people of Hamilton. But, having regard to the length and purport of these sketches, I will not launch into so large a subject. Suffice it to say that the kindness and good fellowship extended to us by the inhabitants of Hamilton, of all classes, did what only true hearty courtesy and kindness can do, viz. we felt ourselves to be no mere tourists and strangers, but fellow-citizens of "no mean city." And in proof of this assertion, I have, by my side here, in the office of "ONWARD AND UPWARD," two beautifully bound books, concerning the birds and plants of Canada, and which were presented to me by the Free Library Committee, as being the first citizen to apply for a book, on the occasion of Lord Aberdeen's opening of the new buildings. (I must confide to you, however, that your President's character had

to be inquired into before I was admitted a reader. I had to produce a certificate of character for honesty, and so forth, signed by two citizens of Hamilton. You will be glad to know that I found two Senators willing to vouch for me!)

There is no doubt that if you want really to know something of a country, its customs, and its people, it is a great advantage if you can settle down in some typical place for a few weeks, instead of merely travelling through and seeing the sights of each town. In the latter way you may see more perhaps of the buildings, institutions, etc., for if you have but a day or two, you map out your time, and spend it in driving from one place to another, and you thus get through a great deal; but if you make yourself at home anywhere for a bit, you will not do the tourist so much, but if you mix at all with the people, you almost unconsciously get to understand them and their ways of thinking, and the why and wherefore of their customs and institutions. This was our experience, living our every-day life, interchanging visits, reading the daily papers of all sections of politics, mingling with clergy, statesmen, merchants, agriculturists, etc., and hearing various opinions from all sorts and conditions of men. And the sum total of what we learned made us feel that the more the old country learned to know her grown-up child over the sea, the more she would be proud of her in all ways, and the more earnestly did it make us

wish and pray that the future of Canada may be worthy of her past, and that the present God-fearing, industrious, simple, education-loving stock may only be reinforced by those worthy to combine with them in building up a grand nation and country.

As I have said before, none need fear to go out to Canada who are ready to work. Our lads and lasses who went out with us with the intention of settling (and of whom I give you a group sitting outside "Highfield"), have nearly all found happy homes. One, indeed, has come back because of her father's death, but I feel much tempted to give you extracts from some of the letters of others. They have not suffered at all from the cold of the winter, but seem to have enjoyed the merry winter customs, and seeing all the skating and the sleighing going on round about them. For one thing, the heartiness of Canadians towards new-comers counts for a great deal: they do all they can to make every one feel welcome and one with them—there is a freeness, a sense of equality, a consciousness that every one will be taken just for what he or she is worth, and nothing more or less, which cannot altogether be attained in the old world, and which must always be refreshing to any one of independent spirit. "Prove yourself to be a man, a woman, and we shall respect you, and you shall have an equal chance with any of us, and what is more, we will do our best to put you into the running with us from the first."

*The Lads and Lasses who accompanied us to Highfield, and remained in Canada.*

Human nature is undoubtedly the same everywhere, and Canadians would not wish to claim for themselves immunity from all faults, but they may fairly claim that any one wishing to live a free, independent, self-respecting, law-abiding, and God-fearing life, has as few impediments under the government, the public life and customs, the bright climate, and the sanguine temperament of Canada and her folk as they will find in any land under the sun.

Lord Aberdeen was accused of distributing, in some of his speeches in Canada, what was termed "taffy to the Dominion." (Is this word derived from "toffee," I wonder? Anyway it means something sweet.) Perhaps I shall be accused of following in his footsteps. Well, we can only speak of that we do know, and what we have seen, and I can honestly say that I am not conscious of having flattered. Next month I invite you to accompany us to some of Canada's autumn fairs, and to see some of her products.

## VI.

### TORONTO.

WHAT a rash promise I made last month! I believe I promised to escort you to some of the well-known Autumn Fairs of Canada, and now that the time has come for me to fulfil my promise, and I have begun to look up my notes, my heart misgives me, and I have almost a mind to throw you over. For how can I do justice to all that we saw? It is one thing to be guided and another thing to guide. But it is of no use making excuses. I must just do my best; so come along, to begin with, to the greatest of Canadian Fairs, in the "Queen City" of Toronto. And we had begun to feel ourselves quite familiar with Toronto, for in our house at Hamilton was a telephone, not only communicating with nearly every other house in the town, and thus saving many a note and interview, but having also communication with Toronto on the one side, 40 miles east of us, and London on the other, about 30 miles west. (Yes, London; I mean what I say—London on the Thames, in the county of Middlesex. Look in your geography books and you will find there is more than one London

in the world, and when you go to Canada you will learn always to explain *which* London you mean—London, England, or London, Ontario. But, indeed, we have found ourselves that the more youthful of the two Londons has already made its existence known in the Old World, for when we were in Italy last year, and wanted on one occasion to send a telegram to London, we simply addressed it to London, without adding England. But a message came back to ask whether it was London in England or in Canada that we meant!)

But our first real personal acquaintance with Toronto was made on the opening day of what is familiarly known in the country as "Canada's Greatest Fair." Here every autumn congregate thousands and thousands of agriculturists, fruit-raisers, manufacturers, and pleasure seekers. The Fair goes on for a fortnight, and is held in grounds of 60 acres of public land, specially set apart for the purpose for two months in the year, and on which handsome buildings have been erected for exhibition purposes, and are maintained by the Exhibition Committee. These grounds are found too small now for the exhibition of all the stock that is brought from all parts of the Dominion, not to speak of the agricultural machinery in which Canada excels, and the specimens of manufactured goods of every description, from pianos and organs, and really beautiful articles of furniture, down to the humblest of household necessaries. And not only the useful was

*University Buildings, Toronto.*

provided for, but the ornamental, and the amusing also, were given their full place. Trotting races, the Wild West Show—a performance after the manner of Buffalo Bill, with cow-boys and wild Indians and buck-jumping horses, and side performances of all kinds—were all to hand for the diversion of those who were not interested in the all-absorbing agricultural work and prospects of the country. And in spite of the vast concourse of people assembling daily (it is reckoned that 300,000 visitors attended the Fair each week), there was a remarkable absence of any disorderly conduct or unseemly language. All strangers are struck by the good behaviour of the crowd, and by the evidence it gives of the high moral tone prevailing in Canada, and which, amongst other results, shews itself in a popular agreement that no intoxicating drinks shall be sold on the grounds during the Fair. Lord Aberdeen had the honour done him to be asked to open this vast Exhibition, and to give an address on the occasion, and it was then that we first visited Toronto, and that we were first brought into contact with a Canadian crowd. The opening ceremony is somewhat a trying one, for it takes place in the open air, the speakers occupying a platform given up afterwards to acrobats and jugglers, and having to address a vast crowd in an amphitheatre opposite, with the racing-course intervening. The ordeal, however, was safely got through, and the audience were very kind, and appeared satisfied.

But I must return to our Toronto Fair, and I feel I ought to take you round the Dog Show, and the Poultry Show, and the Honey Show, all of which were excellent; and then I ought to tell you of all the strange implements for sowing, and reaping, and binding, and digging, and I do not know what besides; and then we ought to see the roots and the vegetables, and the magnificent show of fruit; and then we ought to stand in the ring, and see the Herefords, and the Shorthorns, and our own Aberdeen-Angus cattle being led out, and seeming very much at home, and the Clydesdales, too, and the roadsters, and the wonderful jumping-horse "Rosebery," who cleared the seven-feet jump easily. Besides there are the Manitoba exhibits, and those from the North-West and British Columbia. And there are the birds, and the insects, and the snakes to be seen. Well, what do you say to going through all these shows, and my pointing out the merits of each exhibit? If you were wise you would not absolutely trust yourself to my knowledge on all these subjects, even though I had the benefit of being shown all by our most kind friend, Captain Macmaster, Vice-President of the Fair. But even if you would, I am afraid you would not care for a *whole* number of the Magazine to be devoted to Canada, which would be the result of your rashness, and if you or any of your friends want to know more in detail about the agricultural resources of the country, I would advise you to write to

the High Commissioner for Canada, 17 Victoria Street, London, S.W., and ask for some of the reports on Canada made by the British tenant-farmers, who went out in 1891, on the invitation of the Canadian Govern-

*Captain Macmaster.*

ment and visited every part of the country, and who have made most valuable reports on all they had seen, for the use of those wanting full and reliable information.

Some of these tenant-farmers were present at the Toronto Fair the same day as we were (on our second visit), and we saw them going about everywhere making notes.

But I have told you nothing yet of our host at Govern-

*Government House, Toronto.*

ment House, where we stayed for the night. We had had the good fortune to be fellow passengers across the Atlantic with the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Sir Alexander Campbell,* and he had proved the best and

* Sir Alexander Campbell died in May 1892, after these letters were published.

kindest of friends, both as regards bodily and mental wants, for as to the former, he had made us free of his private provision of tea and butter, and Devonshire cream, and as to the latter, he told us much which enabled us to feel that we knew a good deal about

*Sir Alexander Campbell,*
*late Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.*

Canada before we got there. He has lived a long life of public usefulness to his adopted country, and we count the friendship with which he honoured us as one of the solid agins which our trip to Canada brought us. And now,

he and his daughter, Miss Marjorie Campbell, took care of us in their pleasant Government House, and through their kindness, we made other friends—amongst others, Mr. Mowat, the Hon. Prime Minister of Ontario, and the Speaker of the Dominion Senate, the Hon. Mr. Allan; and we renewed acquaintance with our friend, Mr. Edward Blake, one of the leaders of the Opposition, and a well-known orator and statesman. Then Sir Alexander drove me all round the city next morning, and showed me the new and the old parts, the Queen's Park, and the different colleges and schools, and the beautiful University Buildings, which were in large parts destroyed by fire last year. They still presented a grand appearance, and I am happy to say they are to be worthily restored.

Now for a peep at the London Fair, and then both you and I must have a rest. A bad cold unfortunately prevented me from accompanying Lord Aberdeen to London, as I much wanted to do, but he came home full of praise of the bright appearance of this young city of 35,000 inhabitants, which goes by the name of the "Forest City," on account of the great number of trees planted along the well-laid broad streets. I have given you two peeps of London and its surroundings, but must leave you to imagine the rest, as I cannot give a personal report. But one thing I can tell you: Just after we left Canada, a very spirited little monthly paper for women was started in London, called *Wives and Daughters*. If

ever any of you go to Canada I advise you to take it in, and meanwhile I hope to give you extracts from it now and again. And now, Good-night, ladies and gentlemen! I hope that my inefficiency as a guide to the agricultural fairs will not prevent you from allowing me to conduct you to the Falls of Niagara, and then to Canada's capital, and then we must hie away West. But now once more, Good-night!

## VII.

### OTTAWA.

ON second thoughts, I think we had better not linger at Niagara. You must have heard it described so often, and have seen so many pictures of it, that we should be going over what you would *feel* to be well-known ground. So I will only give you a little picture of these wonderful falls, and then pass on. Only do not you ever think that you have got the slightest conception of what "the Falls" are really like until you have been there, until you have stood and gazed at them, and have looked at them from this point and from that, above and below, here where they are about to precipitate themselves in a wild surging flood over the cliffs, and there where the mighty volume of water, having poured itself down over the crags and rocks in grand magnificence, convulses itself into terrific and seemingly useless fury in its efforts to make its way along its course. Watch, and look, and listen to the roar of many waters, and go back again and again, and then you will know what you have felt Niagara to mean, though you may never be able to describe it.

It is the Niagara district that shares, with that immediately round Hamilton, the distinction of producing the finest fruit in the Dominion, as well as the greatest quantity. And we found that reputation to be in no wise exaggerated when we visited the Fair at Hamilton and saw the rows and rows of apples and pears and peaches, of all sizes and descriptions; and then the grapes! Why have I not a photograph to show you the long piled-up tables, covered with lovely clusters of bloom-covered grapes? The "Niagara" white grape is supposed to be the best of the varieties of Canadian open-air grapes, all of which have a taste somewhat peculiar to themselves and not liked by everybody. Speaking from experience, I can only say that we thought we had never tasted better grapes in our lives, than some which we gathered, growing in a perfectly wild state up the cliffs, near Dundas, where we had scrambled up in pursuit of butterflies and a most splendid view. Some day you will have a better chance of tasting Canadian-grown grapes, when more special arrangements are made for their conveyance by the steamers. As it is, if you want the best apples in the market, you will always ask for "Niagara" apples. But we are lingering too long in the fruit orchards of Ontario, and we must repair to the station again at Hamilton and take our tickets for Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion; for Ottawa, which, some twenty-five years ago, went by the name of Bye-

*Falls of Niagara*

town, a Hudson Bay Company station and a centre for the lumberers. Now, at a distance, we see the proud towers of the Parliament Houses and Government Buildings, commanding the heights above the river, and we see a town which, though far smaller than Montreal,

*Above Niagara.*

or Toronto, or even Hamilton, can well challenge comparison in point of her picturesque situation, and one which must, from all accounts, be a centre of brightness and mirth all through the merry Canadian winter. She owes her position as capital to the fact that when all

*View of Ottawa.*

different provinces in Canada were confederated into one Dominion in 1866, there was too much jealousy between the great cities of Montreal and Toronto to allow of either of these being chosen, and so the Queen

*Lord Stanley.*

chose the little Indian town of Ottawa, standing on the confines of Quebec and Ontario, to be the centre of Government. We spent some most interesting days here. I will but mention our visit to Sir John Macdonald,

and the kindness with which he received us, for I cannot attempt a task which would take too long, viz., to tell you about the statesmen and leaders of political life in Canada at whose hands we received kindness. They were good

*Lady Stanley.*

enough to gather at a dinner given to Lord Aberdeen later on, and both then and at all times they did all in their power to make our visit combine both instruction and pleasure. You will have noticed in the papers that

after Sir John Macdonald's death, before Sir John Abbott became Premier, Sir John Thompson, the Minister of Justice, was first summoned by the Governor-General to form a Government. We had the chance of making Sir John and Lady Thompson's acquaintance in the steamer which took us across the Atlantic, and we and our Kodak did our best to take photographs of them, but I am sorry to say that that best on that occasion was a failure, and so you are cheated of pictures which we should have much liked to reproduce in our Magazine, and which would have reminded us of many pleasant talks.

At Ottawa, as elsewhere in the Dominion, the Scotch element is strong; and at the house of our kind friend, Sir James Grant (or, as we should delight to call him in Inverness-shire, "Corrymony," which is the old home of his family, and the laird of which he is by descent) and Lady Grant, where we were introduced to a number of prominent citizens, we found that not a few claimed Scottish birth or parentage. Under Sir James's escort, too, we visited the beautifully arranged Geological Museum, where we were shown specimens of all the valuable minerals that lie buried in Canadian soil, and which will enrich many future generations. We saw, too, samples of the beautiful precious stones which Canada can produce for her children, Labradorites, and Sodorites, and Perthites, and Asterias, all radiating with

beautiful soft blues and purples, and golden and silver colours. They have not yet become fashionable, but when they are known their time will come. Then we went upstairs and saw the cases of birds and butterflies,

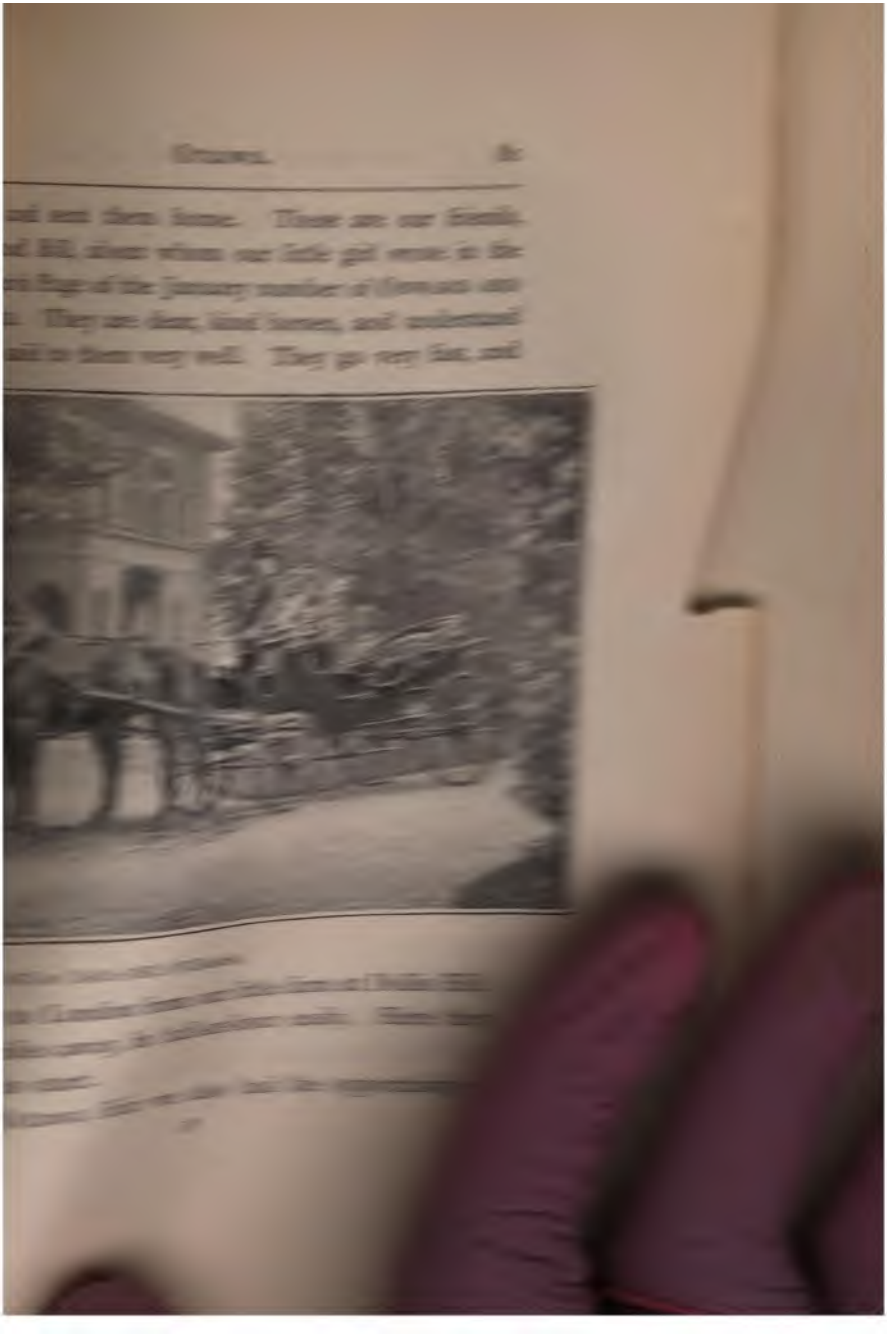
*Sir John Abbott, Prime Minister of Canada, 1891-92.*

and Lord Aberdeen brought away with him two lovely, little, stuffed owls, not more than five inches high, and these little owls now look down on me from the top of my bookcase at home, and exhort me to be as wise as

they are. But we brought something else besides these wee owls back from Ottawa. Of course a "Fair" was going on here too, and after the parade of cattle and of

*A pair of Acredian or San-whet Owls.*

cart horses came some pairs of fast-trotting carriag horses, and among these were a pair of black horse which Lord Aberdeen admired so much that he bougl



making acquaintance with the Hon. Mr. Carling, Minister for Agriculture. He was good enough to offer to take us to see the Government Experimental Farm he had established about three miles from the town. So on a

*Hon. Mr. Carling.*

glorious September afternoon we drove out, in company with Mr. Carling and Mr. Mackintosh, one of the Members of Parliament for the city, another kind friend of ours. The Farm was taken in hand by Mr. Carling about four

years ago, and scarcely a day passes when he is at Ottawa, without his visiting it. There are about 500 acres in all, but it is not yet all cultivated. Experiments of all sorts are carried on here relative to seeds, feeding-stuffs, flowers, fruit, vegetables, trees, poultry, cattle, sheep, pigs, horses, etc., etc., and the results of the experiments are published from time to time. The farmers from all over the Dominion can send their seeds here to be tested as to fertility, nutritiousness, etc.; and this they can do free of cost, for the Post-Office carries everything addressed to and from the Experimental Farm free. And the farmers are largely taking advantage of the opportunities thus afforded them, and are cultivating their farms according to the advice given, and so far the results have been found satisfactory. Then, again, seeds are sent to careful farmers in the various provinces for them to test in their various localities and climate, and to report upon. We saw at the Farm various houses and plots of ground where experiments were being carried on, and we saw also a dairy in process of construction, where they are to test the produce of various breeds of cows as to milking powers, and the different methods of making butter, cheese, &c. Experiments are also being made as to the expense of feeding animals. To illustrate this Mr. Saunders, the energetic manager, showed us some splendid, sleek, healthy looking Clydesdales, which were fed at a cost of only 15 cents a day (about 8d.), by having

"Lumbering," as it is called, has been one of the chief industries of Canada during the last fifty years, and young men loving a rough, adventurous life have delighted in its freedom, its variety, and its dangers. The lumberers live amongst the forests in rough shanties all through the winter, felling the trees and marking them, and taking them down all sorts of precipitous slides, called "skidways," through snow and ice and drifts to the water's edge. Their dress is rough, they sleep in a blanket on a bunk, and their food consists for the most part of pork and home-made bread, and huge potions of tea (no intoxicating drinks are ever allowed at the shanties), but they seem to be none the worse for their hardships. As they work they shout the merry lumberers' songs, and now and again they have a chance of using the rifles which lie always ready to hand, and they get some fresh venison as a reward of their skill. They also trap bears occasionally. The trap is formed of an enclosure of stakes driven into the ground. A log is then suspended above, propped up by a stick to which the bait is attached, and when poor "Mr. Bruin" is unwary enough to seize the tempting dainty he is done for!

When spring comes, the lumbermen's duties alter. They have to see that the logs brought down to the water's edge get properly into the current, that none get caught by the rocks or other impediments, and the dangers encountered in driving down timber like this

*Rideau Hall, Ottawa, the residence of the Governor-General.*

are very considerable, although the skill of the men in jumping from log to log in the water, in guiding them with their long hooks, and in running their flat-bottomed boats down the rapids, is very remarkable. On rivers where large cataracts occur, artificial channels are made, called "slides." These are lined with timber, and at the upper end gates are put up through which the pent-up water can be admitted or shut off. Down these slides pass the "cribs," which are formed of logs fastened together with large pieces of timber on the top. Often a rough wooden hut is also fixed on the crib for the raftsmen, who guide their craft either with long oars, called "sweepers," or put up a sail on an improvised mast. There is one of these slides near Ottawa, on which visitors are taken who desire to have the sensation of "shooting a slide." When you embark above the crib-gates, you are bidden to take a firm hold of a pole fastened on to the logs beneath; the gates are thrown open; the water surges over; the crib, carefully steered through the gateway, advances over the entrance, and then leaps with a rush down the narrow channel till it reaches the calm water below. We did not ourselves taste the pleasures of the plunge, but have taken this account of it from an article on "Lumbering," by Principal Grant, in *Picturesque Canada*. The sensation must be much the same as that enjoyed by the Canadian tobogganners, whose sport reigns supreme among the

*The Toboggan-Slide at Rideau Hall.*

many winter amusements. We visited Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, and saw the high toboggan-slide put up by the Marquis of Lorne, of which we here give you a picture, which is the centre of so much bright, healthy fun. I need not describe to you what a toboggan is, for you see it here in its rapid, headlong descent, with its laughing, breathless freight, and the mischances and tumbles, and occasions for merriment to which its voyagers are exposed. Here I shall leave you a while to amuse yourselves, or to wait to see one of the Governor's toboggan parties by torchlight, and if you get tired of this, try your hand at our old Scotch game of curling, for which you will find ample facilities hard by, or try your snow-shoes, or summon a sleigh and have a bewitching drive to the sound of the jangling bells along the smooth, dry, hard, snow-covered roads. I go to prepare our car for our Westward trip.

## VIII.

### ACROSS THE PRAIRIES.

NOW, in with you, if you do not want to be left behind! And please remember that you have to keep your wits about you during this journey when you get out at railway stations. We have left the whistles behind us in the old country, and in their stead you hear a bell, which at first reminds you more than anything else of the bell of a country church or school, and when you hear that bell, scramble in as best you can, for there will be no slamming of carriage doors, no crying of "Take your seats," no guard's whistle as a last warning. The conductor calls "All aboard," but if the train is a long one, you are as likely as not to miss hearing him. And at every station where we stop you will see after the train has actually started, a rush of stragglers scrambling up on the "platforms" at either end of the long cars. Of course you know that trains in America are not at all like those in this country. Here you have a picture of our car, and all the carriages are constructed on this principle, with a platform at each end, over which

you can pass when the train is in motion. People walk from one carriage to another, and during the long

*All "Aboard!"*

journeys dining-cars are attached at certain hours of the day, where passengers can go and have their meals, and feel very much as if they were in a moving hotel. Little tables for two or four people are placed down each side

*The Car in which we travelled West.*

of the long car, the waiters move up and down the passage between the tables, and the kitchen is at one end. Cooking under these circumstance must be rather difficult, but in our experience the results were very satisfactory. When we had our first meal on board one of these cars, we thought that we must be specially

fortunate in having an out-of the-way well managed car attached to the train; but, as we went further, and new cars came on every day, we found that the rule was for everything to be well done, for the attendants to be courteous and obliging. This is only one illustration of the fact that if you hear that the Canadian-Pacific Railway has undertaken to do anything, whether it concerns the piercing of the Rocky Mountains or the making of good soup, you may be sure that it will be well and thoroughly done. Now this is saying a good deal, and moreover, we can guarantee that it is true according to our *experience*, and not merely according to the words of advertising agents and attractive little guide-books, which at times are rather deceptive. Certainly we ought to speak up for that railway if any one ought, for we were royally treated by being provided with a beautiful new car all to ourselves, in which we could shut ourselves off into comfortable little rooms at night, when partitions were put up, and curtains drawn, and beds pulled down by our faithful porter, John (who ministered to all our wants most assiduously), and during the day could be used as one long sitting-room, panelled with pretty white mahogany, where we read, and wrote, and painted, and where we had many a pleasant little tea-party during the four weeks while we inhabited it.

We thought we had chosen quite the best time of year for our trip, although it might be considered a little late

by some, for when we woke up the first morning after leaving Ottawa, we found ourselves passing through roads all flaming with the gorgeous autumnal tints of the maple

*John Barber, our Car-Porter.*

and other trees, and underneath, the trailing leaves of various berry-bearing plants made a carpet of rich yellows and reds and browns. I think, if I am to be truthful, I must admit that this scenery would have borne rather

a forbidding aspect if it had not been for these rich colourings, and we can scarcely wonder if newly arrived emigrants bound Westward feel rather depressed at passing through a stretch of such apparently sterile country

*A Young Settlement.*

at the outset of their journey. The trees are stunted, the vegetation allows us to see the stony character of the soil below; some of the telegraph poles even have to be upheld by heaps of stones around them, and the desolation is often rendered greater by many of the trees having been the prey of forest fires, the result either of

the carelessness of settlers or Indians, or arising from sparks from the engine falling on the dry inflammable substances all around. And yet this region has charms of its own—the fishermen can tell of the wealth to be found in the rivers and lakes, the geologist and the miner will tell you of the yet comparatively unexplored riches of silver and copper and other metals which are stored up for Canada's children beneath the unpromising looking surface, and the artist will revel in the wild grandeur of the mountain and lake scenery all along the coast of Lake Superior. A succession of magnificent promontories, frowning rocks and crags, surrounding the lovely bay of that vast expanse of water calling itself a lake, meets your eye as the train bears you along, and you lay down your pencil and brush in bewilderment as to which point to seize amidst so much beauty, and instead, you revert to the faithful rapid Kodak to record your memories of Thunder Bay, and Jackfish Bay, and the Lake of the Woods, and many another spot of beauty. And then one day, as you wake up and peep out behind the blind of your car, the mountain, and the lake, and the torrent have disappeared, and instead you behold a vast stretch of grassy country, and you realise that you see before you the far-famed wheatlands of Manitoba, and that Winnipeg, the City of Prairies, lies hard by.

At Winnipeg we felt almost as if we had a home awaiting us, for our friend, Sir Donald Smith, about

whose generosity to his native country I have told you before, had written to us even before we left England, and had bidden us to come to his house at Silver Heights, and to make ourselves at home. And so, on the verandah of Silver Heights we were assembled with my

*Mr. O'Brien (who christened the Lake of Killarney) and his wife talking to Lord Aberdeen.*

brother (who met us here), and Mr. Traill, Sir Donald's manager. Here, too, are Sir Donald's buffaloes, the last remaining in Canada of the millions who used to inhabit the prairies, and whose bones you will see in dismal heaps as you pass along.

And now, what am I to say about Winnipeg? It is 700 feet above the sea level; it has a population of 28,000 (twenty years ago there were only 215 inhabitants), it has some fine buildings, wide streets, it is lighted

*All that is left of the buffalo.*

with electric light, it is a great railway centre, and is destined to bcome a great capital. You still, however, can see how recent is its birth, for side by side with a fine house stands an old Red River settler's log hut, the wide streets are still mostly unpaved, and on a wet day

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serve as admirable illustrations of the richness and the blackness of Manitoba soil, and you still see passing through the city by the side of a carriage and pair, the old Red River carts made entirely of wood, creaking as they go. The rate of progress amazes the inhabitants themselves, and it is very pleasant to hear stories of things as they were and as they are. For instance, look at this dog-carriage; that is the vehicle in which the Governor and his wife used to be transported to Ottawa not so many years ago. Rather a different business nowadays, is it not? We must not linger long here, much as I should like to tell you of the many impressions left on our minds by Winnipeg, its inhabitants and its surroundings, and of all the truly Scotch hospitality with which we were entertained whilst there, and again on our return journey, not only by Sir Donald Smith, and the Lieut.-Governor, Mr. Schultz, and his wife, but by many other friends of whose kindness we cherish grateful memories.

One of the impressions most strongly left on our minds by our stay in Winnipeg was the strongly marked religious tone of the community. This is not only shown by the number of churches and religious institutions, but in the evident earnestness of purpose, which causes people who have but little spare time in this young city, to devote themselves to active works of religion and benevolence. The great scarcity of servants often throws a

*How a journey from Winnipeg for Ottawa was accomplished in days gone by.*

large part of the household work on the ladies themselves, and yet they contrive to throw themselves into Christian work, and to take charge personally of the orphans and the aged poor, and to befriend the stranger in a way which may well put us to shame. One of their latest organisations undertakes to send out monthly parcels of literature to settlers in Manitoba and the North-West. It is difficult for those at home to realise the isolation of such settlers; everything has to be begun and carried on by the work of their own hands, and their whole thoughts are absorbed by the desperately hard work which is an essential for success. Church is far away, there are no libraries or reading-rooms or means of self-improvement at hand, and the temptation must be great in such lives to forget mind and soul in the struggle for material prosperity. Those who stay at home and have friends in these distant parts should remember that no greater kindness can be shown than by sending out good weekly newspapers and magazines, perhaps a picture now and again to brighten up the walls of the wooden house, perhaps some flower seeds from the garden at home, which will bring tender thoughts to the minds of those now so far away, and who will teach their children to tend the little plants sent by "grannie" or "auntie," and so make them think of doing their best to make their homes beautiful and home-like. Frugality, and self-denial, and strength of character are developed by

the stern life which must be led by the settler in Manitoba who means to prosper. It is our part to do our best to prevent the possibility of these sterner virtues from becoming too stern, and from growing into a mere passion to get on and to make money. And if you have no friends in Canada yourselves, may I ask those who are willing to do so to save up their papers, and pictures, and magazines, and to send them to—*Madame Gautier, the L.A. Association for distributing Literature to Settlers, Winnipeg, Manitoba.* The ladies of this Association are deluged with applications for monthly packets of such literature, and find that packets containing consecutive issues of the same magazine are those most valued. They will be very gratified for all contributions, helpful for mind, and heart and soul, and tending to give thoughts which will uplift the common daily work which would otherwise be drudgery.

Now let me tell you of a visit we paid to some new settlers from Scotland who are amongst those who need help and sympathy to be shown in this way. And first I will quote from a letter from Sir George Baden Powell to the *Daily Graphic* to explain how they came over from Scotland:—

THE EMIGRATION FUND.

The general public—and so many are nowadays interested in emigration and colonisation—will remember that the scheme was inaugurated in 1888, when the Government finally decided to offer

£10,000 if another £2000 was given by private charity. At first the Fund was administered by the Scotch Office, under the personal guidance of Lord Lothian, but in the second year a special Colonisation Board was appointed, consisting of representatives of the Imperial and Canadian Governments, the private subscribers, and the land companies aiding the experiment. The proposal was

*Manitou, Manitoba.*

to select and import to Manitoba such families among the crofters as might apply. It was estimated that a sum of £120 per family would be sufficient to establish them on the 160-acre lots offered them by Canada. This sum was to be eventually repaid by each family, security being meanwhile given by a mortgage on the holding and on the goods and chattels.

### THE FIRST SENT OUT.

In May, 1888, eighteen families were despatched, and twelve more families followed in June of the same year. In April, 1889, forty-nine families were sent out. The journey from Scotland to Manitoba was accomplished not without grumbling on the part of the discontented. The first parties were sent rather late in the season, and extra efforts had to be made to provide them with necessaries for the first winter. Many of the crofters gave evidence at once of an indolent reliance on charity, and maintained that the Government was to find a home for, and even clothe them. But the spirit of the country soon fell upon them; there was work and hope in the atmosphere; by the second year actual crops gave earnest for the future, and by the third, with its excellent harvest, indolence and grumbling had been completely pushed aside and forgotten in habits of hard work and confidence in a future of plenty and success.

### MEETING WITH DIFFICULTIES.

The second batch of emigrants also met with difficulties at the outset. Eighteen families enhanced their difficulties by refusing to take the lands chosen for them, and wandering afield to find others. The heads of some of these wandering families, making, after all, but a poor selection of lands, fell to the temptation of excellent wages in a distant lumber industry, and after a while deserted their holdings, and somehow found the means of transferring themselves and their families hundreds of miles to the wage-earning locality. Possibly they will return to their holdings, especially as all who remained are now doing well, and feeling more than contented; the very greatest original grumbler among them on first arrival declaring that now no power on earth shall ever drag him from his holding.

These crofters have now built for themselves very comfortable houses; they own working oxen, milk cows, and even horses; they are accused of having bought more waggons and reapers and binders and other agricultural machines than they have need of; and, as I pointed out at the beginning of this article, the actual results of

*Greetings from a group of Manitobans at Manitoba.*

their labours are to place each family in a fair way to own a prosperous farm of 160 acres. Some live close by lakes and streams, affording plenty of good trout and wild fowl. Good school and kirk accommodation is already provided, and there can be no doubt but that in another three years these settlements will be among the most well-to-do of the prairie "locations." Lord Lothian is certainly to be congratulated upon the success of his experiment.

Mr. Scarth, Dominion Member of Parliament for Winnipeg, took great personal trouble in the settling of these Highland crofters, and he and Mrs. Scarth lived amongst them for the first few weeks, when they arrived as strangers, without friends, and had to be camped out in tents. He now kindly made all arrangements for us to visit the settlement, and I will give you a few extracts from my journal about our visit, written at the time, along with some pictures which tell their own tale :—

TUESDAY, October 7th, 1890.—Went to little hotel for breakfast, and by nine were ready for our start. Killarney rather a respectable little place for four years old. Mr. Lalor, the local merchant, who has taken great charge of the Highland crofters whom we had come to see, had arranged to drive us at Mr. Scarth's request. So off we went, A., Coutts, Mr. Lalor, and myself, in what they call a " Democrat," a sort of long, four-wheeled cart, with two seats, one behind the other. It was a perfect day for our forty miles drive across the prairie ; not much sun, but a bright shining always in the long fleecy clouds, which extend themselves in long, long stretches of manifold shapes in the way which we have come to look upon as especially Canadian. No wind, but an indescribably brisk bracing air, which we want to inhale in long breaths all the while. And, as we thought when travelling on a previous occasion in Texas and Dakota, driving on the prairie and on the trails running through the prairies is unlike any other driving. The soft elasticity of the ground carries one over all the bumps, and jars, and ruts ; and roots and hillocks are all passed over as the most natural things in the world. But with all this, I am not going to rave about the scenery of Manitoba ; for to a mountain bred visitor

these everlasting prairies, with their serpentine black trails winding through them, appear, on first acquaintance at any rate, inexpressibly dreary.

Of course to-day we have been going through land but newly taken up, and there has not yet been time for the desire for beauty or comfort to grow. The struggle to live has naturally swallowed up all the energy of the settlers, and it has been quite the exception to see even any attempt after the commonest sort of tidiness, much less any effort to nurture a few flowers, a plant, or a tree. But the Manitobans have shown that they value education, for little schools are planted down everywhere where there are fifteen children to attend, and the teachers are not badly paid. We went into one of these schools to-day, where there are about twenty children, and a pleasant looking young man, an M.A., who also has a farm in the neighbourhood, was teaching them. He said the great difficulty was the irregularity of attendance, which made his work resemble that of Sisyphus and become real drudgery. Such country schools are shut up during the winter, and in the autumn the children are kept away for harvest work, so that it is only the three spring months that can be depended on.

Our first visit was to the old Irishman O'Brien, who constituted himself the god-father of the place, and insisted on its being called Killarney. I am afraid that my smothered exclamation of amusememt on first sight of the lake, remembering our first sight of the real Killarney, was taken as disrespectful by our cicerone, but, in truth, it *is* the prettiest thing we have seen in Manitoba.

After seven or eight miles we came to the first crofter, one John Macleod, who had been one of the grumblers about small things, but he made no grumble to us, and said he thought he should get along well now. Then came John Nicholson's section. He is one of the most successful, but unfortunately he and his wife were away from home. He had his ten acres cultivated according to stipula-

tion the first year (1889), this year he had 55; next year he is preparing for 75. His wheat has been thrashed, and we saw it all in his new little wooden barn—900 bushels, representing about £150. His first barn was still standing, made of sods. Other four crofters to the west are relations, and all in one section, and are doing well. We saw two more of the Lewes families, John Campbell and his

*Mr. and Mrs. Peter Graham's cottage.*

wife and children, in whose cottage also was old Mrs. Macleod, whose husband holds meetings while the missionary is away in the winter, Mrs. Macdonald, Peter Graham and his wife, a tidy, capable-looking woman with five bonny bairns. We photographed some of the people and their places, though some were very un-

willing, being in their working clothes. One requires to think of what these people were before they came out, to appreciate their present position and prospects. Some who came knew nothing about agricultural work—one had never used a hay-fork in his life. And that they should have got on so well as they have done is very

*Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell's home.*

creditable, both to themselves and their neighbours. After leaving the crofters we came in sight of Pelican Lake, and then, descending a steep brae, the sight of which rejoiced our hearts, we came upon a prosperous-looking farm, 640 acres, owned by a man whom we passed ploughing. We stopped to ask our way, but, after all got rather

astray, and went a good bit out of our way up a rough hill, which landed us on the edge of a ravine, on the other side of which was the house where we were to have luncheon. A young English farmer of cheery and hopeful aspect, and newly married, put us right again, and we were then ready for our four o'clock luncheon, at Mrs. Darough's at the farmhouse of Glenfern. The threshing was going on there, and they had had a busy day, with 16 or 17 men

*The Darough family at Glenfern.*

in to dinner. The yield had not been so good as expected, and one field, from which they expected twenty-five bushels per acre, had only fifteen. They were doing better to-day. That same field in 1887 yielded 40 bushels per acre (sold at 48 cents), in 1888 it was down to five bushels per acre (sold at 84 cents), in 1889, I forgot what she told me the number of bushels were, but the price was 64 cents. The Daroughs came from Ontario, and are of Scotch

extraction. There are five sons, three working, the eldest, just married to one of the crofter girls, living on a section of his own, and two daughters, who gave us proofs of their prowess in the home-made bread and jam and pumpkin pie. But Mrs. Darough said that sugar had been too dear to make much jam. All the smaller kinds of fruit do well, and wild berries abound. Potatoes, cabbages, cauliflowers, and other vegetables grow magnificently. Apples are not yet a success. Coutts left us here, and we drove on to Glenboro', about 21 miles further, calling in at two of the Harris crofters *en route*, Morrison and Donald Stewart. Only saw the wife of the latter, who worked for Lord Dunmore until he sold the island. Many messages sent to the Dunmores.

All the last part of the drive, which passes through rich wheat land, and past a prosperous Scandinavian settlement, was lost on us, for it had become quite dark, and our attention was concentrated on our driver avoiding the many vehicles returning from Glenboro' Fair—waggons, and carts, and buggies, and gigs, and droves of cattle and horses. He managed very creditably, and the demeanour of the home-going folk contrasted favourably with what might have been on some similar occasions at home.

## IX.

### IN A RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

IN the English newspapers of last October appeared telegraphic reports of a railway accident west of Winnipeg, finishing up with the statement that Lord and Lady Aberdeen were on the train, and that while the former went about ministering to the wants of the wounded, the latter took sketches of the scene. That was a tolerably hard-hearted proceeding, was it not? I wonder what those of our Members and Associates who happened to notice this statement thought of the doings of their President while she was away beyond their reach. Well, here is the true unvarnished statement of the facts, as written at the time:—

"We started from Winnipeg soon after six, and about eight we had just gone across to the dining-car and begun our dinner, when there came a sudden tremendous screwing on of the brakes, a series of jerks, an abrupt transference of crockery and glass from tables to floor, and then the car was motionless, and all was perfectly still. People looked at one another for a moment—the same unuttered thought passing through each mind,—then came the tidings, 'The engine is off the rails!' A. rushed off with others to see what had

really occurred, and we were amazed to find how much damage was done, when we remembered the comparatively slight shock we had felt. The engine was lying on its side, on the bank, all crumpled and torn, the funnel half into the ground and still smoking away; the tender, upside down across the rails, towering above the luggage-van on its side. On the other side of the line, one car half down the bank, and three more off the rails; the three last cars, including the dining-car and ours, were still on the rails. No one could ascertain the cause of the accident, and for a few minutes there was great suspense as to whether any one was killed or injured. Marvellously and mercifully no one was killed, and the engine-driver, fire-man, and express messenger were only somewhat cut and bruised. The driver had, with great presence of mind, turned off steam, put on the brakes at the first jerk, and then jumped off; the fireman remained, thinking, as he himself expressed it, that the engine would 'ride the ties.' It is wonderful how he escaped, when the part of the engine where he was sitting was all smashed. All in the dark and by the light of a lantern held by A., I tried to make a sketch of the wreck, but it was so dark and drizzling that it was rather difficult work. It all looked very weird. The engine gave one the impression of a great, gasping, living thing, with its head buried in the earth, still hissing and steaming in impotent misery, and, to increase the mystery of the scene, dark figures flitted about here, there, and everywhere, with lanterns, and in the near distance there loomed a great threatening fiery eye, barring our way. This latter apparition turned out to be the lights of the engine of a freight train, which had been waiting at the next station (Poplar Point) till we should pass, and now came up to see what could be done. It was past twelve when we heard the tinkling bell announcing the arrival of the wreck-train 'with a break-down gang' from Winnipeg (thirty-five miles away), with superintendent, doctor, and engineer aboard. [redacted] from our post of vantage, at the end of the train, [redacted]

*Scene of Accident from a sketch made by Lady Aberdeen same night.*

approach slowly and cautiously. A party from our train were on the outlook for them, and motioned them to proceed by swinging a lantern backwards and forwards, but they crept up inch by inch, making sure of their way as they came. And then all at once the

*Our Engine as photographed by the Kodak the morning after accident.*

place was alive with groups of the new-comers, surrounding the remains of our wrecked train, examining, enquiring, testing the amount of damage done, and ere long setting to work with pick-axe and spade to remove the *debris* which lay across the torn-up line. It was soon decided that the quickest method was to construct

a temporary new line for the few hundred yards or so which had been destroyed, and while this was being done, the uninjured cars were pulled back to Raeburn, the first station back.

*Off again!*

"*Oct. 10.*— By mid-day the line was in order for us to proceed, and a new engine was in readiness. We had already, however, walked

forward to the scene of the disaster, having arranged with the conductor to be picked up by the train as it came up. We tried some photos. But the weather was very dark for that. It was only now that we ascertained the cause of our accident, *i.e.* a drove of cattle, which in the pitchy black night were not perceived. A big ox was killed, and two poor cows got their legs broken. Is it not wonderful how animals suffer in silence? Fancy our not hearing a sound from these poor beasts under the train when we were standing about! They were not discovered till the men set to work. The next day as we passed, the poor cows were lying piteously on the bank, with such a scared look in their eyes, and making miserable attempts to rise. The railway people dared not put an end to their sufferings, lest their owners should bring an action for damages—and the owners, although they had been notified of the accident, had not yet appeared on the scene."

It is wonderful how such accidents do not occur oftener on dark nights, when the train is passing along such vast stretches of unfenced land, over which cattle roam at their own free will. As it happened, there *were* fences on either side of the line at this particular spot, so the cattle must have strayed in by some open gate, and were doubtless lying on the track because of its comparative dryness after the deluge of rain that had been coming down. You will notice in the illustration of the fallen engine the iron pointed contrivance in front invented on purpose to guard against such mishaps. It is called the "cow-catcher," and is intended to sweep any animal off the line that may be bent on self-

destruction. Our accident, however, proves that it is not always successful in its purpose, but I should add that accidents on the C.P.R. have hitherto happily been exceedingly rare, owing to the constant and vigilant care of those in charge of the line, and who arrange perpetual supervision of every part of the track, so that all possible danger may be averted.

The "cow-catcher" in front of the engine has sometimes been put to another and original use at times. Adventurous travellers have obtained permission to sit on it whilst travelling through the magnificent scenery on the route of the C.P.R., in order to obtain the best possible views of all that is to be seen from the line. You would not imagine such a position very comfortable, would you? But those who have tried it speak of their experiences with enthusiasm. Amongst others, Lady Macdonald, the wife of the late Premier of Canada, took a trip West on the "cow-catcher," of which she has written a charming account. We were not so bold, and contented ourselves with the outlook from our car, and this for two or three days after leaving Winnipeg consisted solely in vast stretches, which the poet Bryant describes as—

> The gardens of the Desert, these.
> The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
> For which the speech of England has no name—
> The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
> And my heart swells, while the dilated sight

Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they lie
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed
And motionless for ever.—Motionless?
No—they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye.
Man hath no part in all this glorious work;
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes,
With herbage. . . . The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,—
A nearer vault, and of a tender blue,
Than that which bends above the eastern hills. . . .
In these plains the bison feeds no more, where once he shook
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.
Still this great solitude is quick with life;
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startling beautiful. . . . The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he comes across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets as in the olden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude

Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Bends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream.
And I am in the wilderness alone.

Alone! Yes, I think that settlers on the prairie must realise what solitude means in a way which can scarcely be understood by those living in mountainous regions. The mountains and tree-clad crags seem to encircle and protect those who dwell among them with so real and living a personality that these can never feel "alone" in their company. But go to the prairie country and look around—you may see the bright colours of butterfly and flower; you may smile at the cunning looks of the little rabbit-like sort of creatures, called "prairie dogs," who rear themselves up on their hind legs and look at you, and then, "*heigh, presto,*" they are off; you may hear the rushing through the air of the flocks of wild geese overhead on their way to their winter quarters, but of human habitation you will see but scant signs. Your eye may scan many square miles around, and yet you may scarcely be able to detect any indication of the fact that the lords of this rich harvest land are beginning to enter upon their inheritance. Yet it is so. And if we had paid our Western visit during harvest-time, we should have

seen some such sights as you see represented in the accompanying pictures. When you are reading this, we shall be hearing rejoicing accounts of the bounteousness of the harvest which farmers in Manitoba and the North-West have been gathering in this year without any

*A regiment of workers on the Prairie.*

damage from the dreaded early frosts. And I shall be trying to grow wise as to the reasons why the Manitoban black mud, which lies from two to four feet in depth on the surface of the soil, is so rich as to produce magnificent crops without manure. Once more, too, it will be impressed on us that the settlers who do best are those

who adapt themselves most to the methods of farming found successful in the new country. For instance, they must not plough deep as they do at home, but only about two inches, and then they must put in a crop at the first breaking, as this has been found the best way of subduing the sod, besides the advantage of yielding profit to the farmer the first year when his means are not generally plentiful. This sod is very hard to break at first, but subsequent ploughings are easy. As we went along, we found one and another of our fellow-passengers quite willing to tell us about all these things, and to explain the reasons as to why one man fails and the other succeeds. It was especially interesting to us to come across young men from our own district in Aberdeenshire, who could speak in cheery tones of their past experience and their future prospects. One of these, Mr. Will, from Methlick, who came and chatted with us on our car for a bit, had been working for a year or two on one of the huge 10,000 acre farms, formed originally by Sir John Lister-Kaye; when we met him, he was about to buy a farm of his own, and to bring to it as mistress an Associate of the "Onward and Upward Association." But death broke up his home only a few months later, and he is now foreman on Lord Aberdeen's estate in British Columbia.

This young man's experience, and that of others whom we met, points to the fact that one of the best ways of

getting on is for a new-comer to hire himself as labourer to a good farmer for a year or two, so as not only to save up money for his start, but also, even if he have some capital, to learn the ways of the country under practical guidance. In looking to the future and to the pro-

*One of Sir John Lister-Kaye's big farms in Alberta.*

bability of the continuance of the rich crops which have been obtained these last few years from Manitoba and the North-West, there is one encouraging feature which was brought before us by a gentleman at Ottawa, Mr. Hurlbert, who has prepared a series of very interesting

*Passing a car full of emigrants—"Take our pictures."*

maps under the sanction of the Canadian Government. One of these maps, part of which we have reproduced here on a small scale, shows us that all over the world

*Map showing region of summer droughts in North America.*

there are regions where summer droughts prevail, where rain falls but rarely during the period while the crops are growing and requiring moisture. If you look at the map, you will see that but a small part of this region is included in the Dominion of Canada, and this is a matter of no small importance to intending settlers.

As we get further West, we begin to hear about other sources of prosperity besides wheat—we hear of the grass lands of Alberta, and its openings for large ranches for the breeding of horses; we hear, too, of coal-fields of

such extent that all past fears as to the fuel resources of Canada have been set at rest. Then, too, there is the timber, and large petroleum deposits. But I cannot enlarge on these things in this paper, nor will I describe to you the young towns of this region : Regina, the capital of the

*A horse ranch near Calgary.*

North-West, where too are the headquarters of the smart red-uniformed Canadian Mounted Police ; Medicine Hat, a little town in a cavity, surrounded by strongly indented hills, where we had the pleasure of inspecting a charmingly appointed hospital, erected through the efforts of

Mr. Niblock, one of the C.P.R. Superintendents ; and Calgary, at the foot of the Rockies, a rapidly rising town which seems likely to become an important centre.

If space had permitted, I would have wished to tell you something of the former masters of this country, the Indians, who are diminishing in numbers, and will ere long disappear. Their tents, or "teepees," are pitched in groups on the plains you pass by, and miserable specimens in dirty squalid-coloured blankets haunt the railway stations, with the object of selling buffalo horns, or baskets, or feather-work. Their babies, whom they call "papooses," and who are strapped to boards which their mothers carry on their backs, seem to be model babies. You never hear one crying. There they are, swathed up tightly on their boards, and they appear to be equally unconcerned if they are riding on their mother's backs, or are put down against a wall, whilst their guardians are otherwise occupied. But travellers who pass through these countries only by the railway can know nothing of the lives and customs of the true type of Indian. For knowledge of these we must go to the hunter, the Hudson's Bay Company trader, and the missionary, and we must hunt records of the past, which already have supplied material for tales of thrilling adventure to the writers of boys' books.

When the Europeans came to America, all this vast region, of which we have been speaking, was only

inhabited by various tribes of Indians, who lived almost entirely on the proceeds of their fishing and hunting. Gradually the white men came to realise what a source of wealth existed in the herds of fur-covered animals which roamed over these endless plains and mountains, and the skins of which could be obtained very easily from the Indians for a few beads, ornaments, or better still, for muskets when they had learned how to use them, or for the spirits, which were to work such havoc among the native races. And in 1669 Prince Rupert formed a Company, which was endowed by King Charles II., with "all countries which lie within the entrance of Hudson's Straits, in whatever latitude they may be, so far as not possessed by other Christian States." The new Company entered vigorously on its work, establishing central trading stations throughout their domain, formed of a few wooden huts, and surrounded by palisades or walls and well-barred gates. These were generally near rivers, and to these the savages brought their merchandise of skins, and feathers, and horns, at stated seasons of the year. They encamped before the fort, and a solemn transaction, of bartering and of affectionate speeches, took place, and on the results of this bartering the Company grew fabulously rich. A century later their continued success caused another Company to be formed, and many were the feuds which ensued, until the two decided to unite and to work together. Oh, the yarns that might be told of those

golden days of hunting, of the adventures and hair-breadth escapes, and in all the Red Man plays a conspicuous part. Round his loyalty or his enmity centres many a tale. Those days are over now. In 1869 the Government took over the domains of the Hudson's Bay Company for £300,000, and certain lands round the trading stations, and from that time the era of the Indian was over. They cannot stand before the forces of civilisation, and they are doomed to give way to those who have entered on their predestined work of cultivating the land and building cities, thus multiplying the population and replenishing the earth. Meanwhile, the missionaries have been busy. The authorities of the Hudson's Bay Company always encouraged their efforts, and did much for them by forbidding the use of spirits at their stations, and in later times the Government has endeavoured to exercise a paternal care over these perishing tribes, gathering them into reserves, trying to teach them agriculture, educating their children, granting gifts and pensions, and doing all in their power to promote the success of the Missions. But of the heroic work of these missionaries, and of what they have been able to accomplish, we must tell you some other time, if you will not tire of the subject.

## X.

### THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

AND now we have come to the last part of the trip through which I have endeavoured to act as your conductor. And if I have felt myself inefficient in that capacity during the earlier parts of our journey, still more do I feel the impossibility of doing justice to all the glories of the scenery through which we shall now pass. For even the prairies of the North West prove themselves to be not so limitless as they appear at first to those traversing their vast extent day after day; and one night, as we peep out of our berths behind the closed blinds of the car, we find ourselves standing still at the very foot of the Rockies. In the conflicting light of the stars and early dawn, we see ourselves guarded by three high purple peaks, known as the Three Sisters, and we feel ourselves once more safe at home in the bosom of the mountains. Soon the heavy engine which is to pant up the steep inclines in front of us comes, and hooks us on, and all day long, as we clamber the snow-covered Rockies, and steam on slowly through the heart of the Selkirks, along the Columbia River, and the wild waters which sweep down the Kicking-Horse Pass, and pass under the shade of the crags of huge "Sir Donald," we rush about

from side to side, and from end to end of our car, attempting, if not to photograph or sketch, at least to imprint some memory of the magnificent panorama unrolling itself before our eyes. But all in vain! There is such a thing as being surfeited with fine scenery, and it

*Approaching the Rockies.*

is a transgression against nature to hurry, as we did through these glorious scenes. All that remains now is a remembrance of towering snow-capped peaks rearing themselves up in all their strength above us, and stretches of mountains changing in the varying light of sun and cloud, from palest blues and greys to rich tones of yellow

*"The Three Sisters."*

and red and purple, as we come nearer, and as the autumn foliage shows itself blending with the deep browns and blueish-green colours of the waters foaming below. To appreciate scenery such as this frequent halts should be made, and time should be allowed for the eye and mind to drink in and realise what is before them. Solitude too, and deep, unbroken stillness, are needed, if you would be in harmony with these surroundings, if you would have nature lead you up irresistibly to nature's God, if you would be able from your heart to bow yourself down and say :—

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good.
Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair ! Thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable ! who sits above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works, yet these
Declare Thy goodness beyond thought
And power divine."

Another time we hope to be able to stop at various places on this route, for a day at any rate, and perhaps I shall thus be better fitted to be your guide on some future occasion. The only halt we did make in these regions we enjoyed immensely. It was at Banff, where the Government are forming a National Park, twenty-six miles long by ten broad, and where the C.P.R. have put up a most comfortable hotel, 4000 feet above the sea, overlooking the Bow River. The hotel is about one and

a half miles from the station. Our train arrived at the station about 1 A.M., and we shall not soon forget the brisk drive in the bright, frosty air, over snow-besprinkled grounds, amidst snow-covered mountains, with stars glimmering overhead. The hotel is a prettily-designed

*From the window of the Banff Hotel.*

wooden building, capable of accommodating a hundred guests, and in the large entrance-hall a huge log-fire, crackling away on an open hearth, bids welcome to weary travellers from East and West, whatever hour of the night they may arrive. Well, we had what is termed in America "a lovely time" at Banff. The sun shone brilliantly, the air was exhilarating, and we made the

*Cascade Mountain, Banff*

most of our one day. We walked, and we sketched, and we "kodaked"—we visited the hot sulphur springs, which are much resorted to by invalids, and which boil out of the ground at different degrees of temperature up to 90 or 92 degrees. Some of these look most tempting to the bather, the clear green-blue water bubbling into a large pool, enclosed by high rocks, and the rays of the sun glinting through the opening above. And in the afternoon Captain Harper, one of the Inspectors of the Mounted Police, came round with his break and four-in-hand, and took us for a drive round the Park, charioteering us most skilfully up and down the steep roads, winding round Tunnel Mountain, and showing us many beautiful views.

The time for departure came all too soon, and as we were standing near the station in the darkness, waiting for the arrival of the train, I heard a familiar Aberdeenshire voice putting the question, "Do you remember "Titaboutie?" "Remember Titaboutie!" I should think we did! The voice belonged to a daughter of one of Lord Aberdeen's Tarland tenants, and we found that she and her sister had both come out to Canada. One was engaged at the Banff Sanatorium, the other was with her brother on one of Sir John Lister-Kaye's farms, and both said they liked the country. It was a touch of home where we had least expected it, but it was by no means a solitary experience. Wherever we went, it

seemed as if we met "oor ain folk," and these same folk seem generally to get "the guiding o't." That reflection should do more than fill our hearts with pride of old Scotland, it should bring home to those of us who are parents the additional responsibility of being parents of children who belong to a race who seemed bound to rise to high position and influence wherever they may go, the world over. The thought that the destinies of countries far away may one day largely rest in our children's hands should fill us with a noble ambition for them, that they may be able to say with others who have gone before —

"We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

"We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wilds
The music of her bells.

"Upbearing, like the ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God,
Against the foes of man."

Undoubtedly Scotchmen have largely had to do with the making of Canada, and happily they have for the most part left their mark on her for good. We find their names much associated too with the making of this

*The Van Horne Range—sketched from Field.*

wonderful railway, by means of which all this marvellous scenery is witnessed. If we think of what was considered a good road in these parts before the railway came, and then when we travel by this iron road cut through, or cut out of the sides of, perpendicular cliffs, the workmen

*A Trestle Bridge.*

in some cases having had to be lowered by ropes from above in order to get at their work, we get some idea of the change which has been wrought. From side to side of rushing waters the train crosses on trestle bridges like that of which we give you an illustration, and finds its way along ledges of rock, twisting and turning in every

direction on the brink of the precipices below. On some parts of the road great wooden erections, called snow-sheds (having something of the character of tunnels), have had to be put up to protect the line from snow in winter. By this means the road is scarcely, if ever, blocked, even during heavy falls of snow. And thus, by one device and another, and by the exercise of constant, vigilant inspection, this railway company, though their system covers such an extent of country, and has to face so many perilous places, can, up to the present time, thankfully record that they have only lost the life of one passenger, and that was in consequence of his standing on the steps of the car after being warned by the conductor not to do so.

I could tell you much of the glimpses we caught of life in British Columbia, of the Indians spearing the salmon, of the Chinamen washing the sand for gold, of the villages of both Indians and Chinese, which are quite different to any other we have seen, and the curious burying-places, high up in the trees, which the Indians make for their dead But I prefer to wait until I have seen more of all this, and will then gladly give you a paper or two, exclusively on British Columbia, if you should wish it.

I will only ask you on this occasion to come straight on to the cities of Vancouver and Victoria, and take a look of these before we part.

At Vancouver we were most hospitably entertained by

the Mayor, Mr Oppenheimer, and his wife, and, in addition to this, the Scotch and the Irish residents combined together to give us a most hearty and kindly reception one evening. In this way we heard much of all that was doing in the place, and of its wonderful

*Vancouver.*

growth since the disastrous fire which utterely annihilated it five years ago. Within three months after the fire four hundred houses had been erected, and the progress has since been so rapid that there is now a population of 13,000. This is the more remarkable when we reflect that the site on which the town stands was covered with

a dense forest, of enormous pines, such as we now see just outside the limits of present habitations. Their great roots have to be removed, and the heavy wood and dead timber have to be cleared at an enormous expense before the land can be utilised, yet a great part of this forest is already parcelled out into building blocks, and is selling

*The late Mr G. G. Mackay.*

at a high price. And where the Douglas pine and the cedar flourished undisturbed but a few years ago, handsome streets are now formed, lighted with electric light, and supplied with electric tram-cars. Most of the buildings are of wood, but there are a few principal streets where only stone or brick buildings may be erected. Great foresight is also being shown by the municipal

authorities in matters of sanitation and drainage, unlike some new towns, where such matters have been left to chance; and even in these early days a Public Park has been set aside, with a circuit of ten miles, called after the present Governor-General, the Stanley Park.

We had the advantage of being shown some of the country round Vancouver by an old friend (Mr G. G. Mackay) whom I have often seen during my childhood at my father's home in Inverness-shire. He came out here three years ago to see if this would be a good place for his sons, and liked it so much that he never went back, but sent for his family to join him. As he pointed out to us, the peninsula on which Vancouver is situated on either side of her beautiful harbour is bound to be built over, and to become exceedingly valuable, as the city develops under the increase of trade which must of necessity come, through its being the terminus of the C.P.R., and commanding the shortest route to Japan, China, and India, by the new magnificent steam-ships which are now running. Just ten weeks ago, the advantage of this route over any other was demonstrated by the Japanese mail reaching Queenstown in twenty days from leaving Yokohama. You may imagine the pride of the Vancouver people at seeing "The Empress of Japan" sail proudly in after a nine day's voyage from Yokohama.

The atmosphere of hope and faith in the future of their

country make British Columbians a very delightful people. There is a spirit of enterprise in the air which, coupled to natural advantages, makes success a certainty. This belief in the future was rather amusingly illustrated by a huge sign-board which we found stuck into the ground, on the borders of a dense forest with no house in sight. The notice ran thus :—

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune !
> *This* is the tide of *your life ! !*
> *Invest* in the city of the future, *Steveston*,
> And become
> A MILLIONAIRE."

I wonder whether we shall find the city of Steveston an accomplished fact this year?

We must tear ourselves away from Vancouver and its beautiful surroundings with regret, and embark in the "Islander" for the five hours' crossing to Victoria, under Captain Hulden's care. See Mount Baker raising its head high above the sunset clouds, all in a golden glory, and seeming isolated far above all the rest of the common world below. And there, opposite, are the peaks of the famed Olympic Range, standing out a deep blue against the sky, only hidden here and there by a light mist curling about their sides. So we sail out of Vancouver, and the sunset fades into moonlight over a delightfully calm sea long before we reach Victoria, the beautiful capital of

British Columbia. Is it indeed Victoria and Vancouver Island where we have arrived? Has not the "Islander" lost her way, and brought us by a short route back to England, and landed at Torquay? The resemblance has almost a touch of the comical in it—the same scents, the same sort of greenness all round, the same sort of ferns and foliage and surroundings, and on that day, at

*His Honour the Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia.*

any rate, the same moist feeling in the air, developing later on into a steady downpour. Then English voices and faces abound, and English customs predominate so largely that the illusion would be complete if we were not recalled to our whereabouts by the presence of the Chinese pigtail everywhere.

The residents of British Columbia would be hard put

to it if it were not for these same Chinese. Domestic servants are very difficult to get, and even when obtained often give themselves such airs that the mistresses are glad to return to the Chinaman, who will act as cook, housemaid, waiter, groom, and gardener, all in one, without giving any trouble. Girls, however, who do come out, and are ready to work and do what they are told, get

*Admiral Hotham.*

very high wages. Labour generally is very dear. An ordinary labourer will get 10s. to 12s. a day, and mechanics and masons get as much as 16s. to 20s. a day.

We much regretted that the steady rain prevented us from seeing all the beauties of the place. But the Governor of British Columbia, and Mrs Nelson, and Sir Joseph and Lady Trutch, were ready to help us to see all

that could be seen. The Governor kindly drove us down to the magnificent harbour at Esquimault, three miles from Victoria, the headquarters of the North Pacific Squadron. Several warships were riding at anchor, adding one more touch to the likeness to England. The Admiral

*H.M.S. "Warspite."*

of the Fleet, Admiral Hotham, had been good enough to give us an invitation to tea on board the flagship, the "Warspite," commanded by Captain Hedworth Lambton, and so here, on the Pacific Ocean, I paid my first visit to a British war-ship. Everything on board looked spotless in its whiteness, and brightness, and

trimness, and the Admiral's room, in the end bows of the ship, was like a drawing-room for cosiness and comfort—a bright fire burning in a grate, and comfortable chairs and tables and ornaments, all looking as if we were ashore. Admiral Hotham gave a high character to British Columbia; he had been here for five months, and this was only the second wet day he had seen—climate, people, and all surroundings were amongst the pleasantest he had known in all his nautical wanderings. It was sad that we should not have the opportunity of seeing the place to full advantage, but our brief stay was full of enjoyments, including an evening at Government House; and here, too, we met our friend, Professor Henry Drummond, who had just arrived from Australia and Japan, and who now joined our party for the homeward trip.

Here, then, amidst the roses and fragrant breezes of this favoured isle, I must leave you, with many regrets that our trip has come to an end. It is a hurried journey that we have taken, and we have had but glimpses of the inexhaustable resources of this great country. But if these little sketches have added somewhat to your knowledge of what Canada is, if it has increased your pride in her, if it has kindled a desire to do what may be in your power to build up her fortunes, I shall feel they have not been written in vain. The high moral and religious character of her present populations, the wise and

true foundations that they are laying for future development and prosperity, makes one long that those remaining in the old country should thoroughly realise how much reason they have to rejoice in our common kinship, and that those thinking of coming out to Canada to try their fortunes should come with a hearty desire to do their utmost for the land of their adoption. There has been some disappointment this year at the increase of the population during the last decade being only half a million. Still all admit that the settlers are of a good stamp, and this, after all, is of far more importance than mere numbers. Strong in her sense of her future, she can afford to wait. As we sail down her rivers and lakes, and traverse her prairies, and climb her mountains, the poet Whittier's words haunt us—

> "I hear the tread of pioneers,
> Of nations yet to be,
> The first low wash of waves where soon
> Shall roll a human sea."

Our eyes may not see this consummation, but we may join our prayers to those of a Canadian poet, with whose words I will close:—

> "Canada! Maple-land! Land of great mountains!
> Lake-land and river-land! Land 'twixt the seas!
> Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
> Spirits as free as the breeze!

"Grant us Thy fear, that we may walk in humility,—
Fear that is rev'rent, not fear that is base:—
Grant to us righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,
Peace—if unstained by disgrace.

"Grant us Thy love, and the love of our country!
Grant us Thy strength, for our strength's in Thy name;
Shield us from danger, from every adversity,
Shield us, O Father, from shame.

"Last born of nations! The offspring of freedom!
Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold!
God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
Courage to guard what we own."

*Lord Aberdeen and Professor H. Drummond in the Railway Car.*

XI.

# A VISIT TO BRITISH COLUMBIA

1892

*EN ROUTE* TO GUISACHAN, B.C.

THE very mention of the place is restful and delightful! Never have we had such a holiday anywhere, and even now a mere allusion to "Guisachan, B.C.," is sufficient to produce a soothing sensation in the minds of the trio of holiday-makers whose visit I want to describe. But how to approach the subject in a calm and judicial spirit! There's the rub! Our feelings regarding the place are betrayed already, and how am I to convince you that I am a trustworthy reporter? Well, I must just let facts speak for themselves; and now to begin at the very beginning!

How did we get there? Perhaps some of you may remember in our travels last year, "Through Canada with

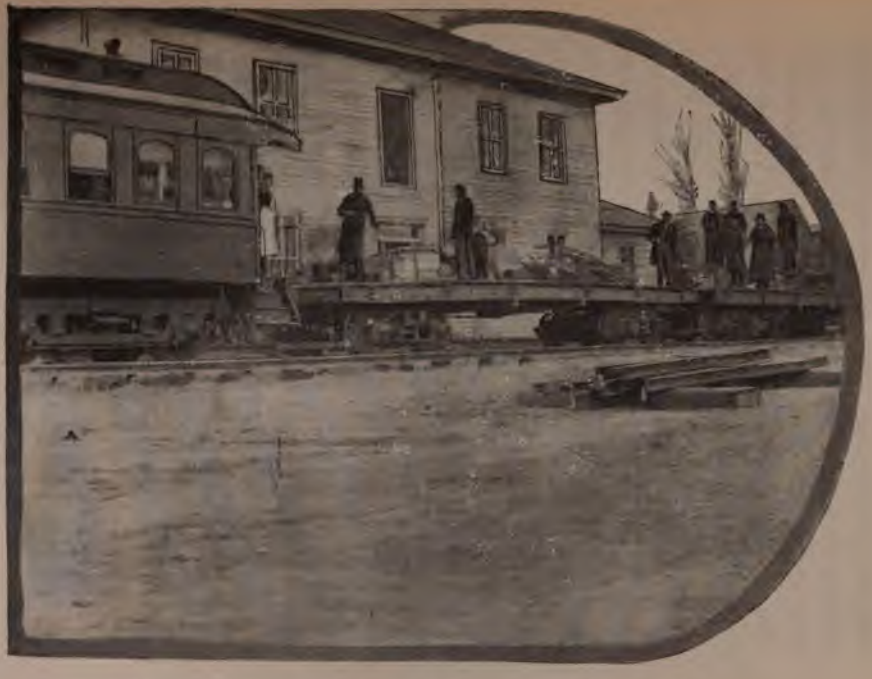
a Kodak," a day's halt at fair Canadian "Banff," nestling under the shade of the mighty Rockies, and yearly attracting to its magnificent solitudes an increasing number of seekers after change, and rest, and health. The remembrance of our former experience led us to make this again a resting-place, and much might be said concerning the walks and drives, and exploring rambles taken, and the friendships made, during the ten days which we spent peacefully in the midst of the everlasting hills, enjoying the most exquisite sunshiny weather all the while. But on this occasion I must content myself by merely referring to it as the place from which we started for our journey to our British Columbian home.

Early in the morning the West-bound train, bearing the traces of a prairie blizzard of hail and snow, through which it had passed, but which we had escaped, picked up our private car, whither we had repaired over night. All day long we had the delight of passing afresh through the scenes of beauty and grandeur which had so fascinated us on our previous trip. A brilliant sun lighted up the snow-capped peaks, the shining glaciers, and the foaming torrents, and melted away at last in a fiery glow of glory. Evening found us arrived at Sicamous Junction, where we were to spend the night, and where we were to leave the main-line, and to wend our way southwards along a track in course of construction to our valley of the Okanagan. Sicamous, situated on the

lovely Shushwap Lake, noted for its fine fishing, already boasts of a good-sized hotel, although but few other dwellings are to be seen. We had arrived in time to travel by the first passenger train along the new line. As mentioned, it was only now in course of construction, and only half of the fifty miles between Sicamous and Vernon, our county town, were completed. The railway authorities, however, complied with Lord Aberdeen's request for a special train which he chartered for the occasion. As it happened, Vernon was to hold her first Agricultural Show on this very day; and, in consequence of this, a number of other passengers desired conveyance, and they were glad to get the chance of a train instead of making the trip in one of the hand-cars used by the workmen on the railway. These are worked by means of a pump-like contrivance, and doubtless look very cheery little vehicles. Let me own that a difference of opinion exists amongst our own party as to the charms of riding on these hand-cars. Lord Aberdeen is enthusiastic in their praise, whereas his wife is inclined to prefer her own feet as a means of locomotion to whizzing through the air at the rate of 20 miles an hour, when a choice must be made, and our little ten-year-old daughter—who formed the third of our travelling party—inclined to the opinion of one parent or the other in this matter, according to circumstances.

The first passenger train up the line was an event It

consisted of an engine and tender, our private car (lent us through the kindness of Mr Spencer, of the C.P.R.), a "caboose," which I think may be described as a glorified guard's van, and two luggage trucks, on the top of which travelled a medley of men, dogs, packages, trunks, agricultural machinery, and all sorts of etceteras. We were all much interested in our own appearance, and we all got out at every halting-place, and surveyed ourselves with mingled pride and curiosity. At one of these temporary stations where we stopped to water the engine, by means of a very primitive wooden contrivance, we found quite an orchard and nursery-garden right alongside of the track. We were not surprised that the owner, Mr Thomson, was a Scotchman, nor that his wife was an "Ironside" from the Haddo House estates, so accustomed had we become to such coincidences; but these things being so, we were more than usually interested in hearing of what a good thing they were making of their 75 acres, what splendid fruit and vegetables could be produced in that district, and how they kept cows too, and poultry, getting 50 cents. (about 2s) per dozen eggs, and 50 cents. per spring chicken. A great part of our journey lay through very pretty country, skirting the Mara Lake, through picturesque mountain and wood scenery, after leaving Vernon, and then coming on the Spallumcheen River, along which a passenger steamer plies to Enderby, half-way to Vernon. After Enderby our driver had to



*The first passenger train on the Shushwap and Okanagan Line halting at Enderby*

take us cautiously, and often at foot's-pace, and even in this way we bumped and plunged strangely over the half-finished line, on which large gangs of workmen, mostly Chinese, were still working. But at last Vernon was reached without any mishap. The new little town of wooden houses, but already possessing four hotels and a fifth large one in course of erection, was evidently the scene of unwonted bustle. Little groups of eager agriculturists were discussing the prospects of the district, and their own individual fortunes; here and there waggons were unloading, buggies being unyoked, horses being led about in ribbons and exhibition apparel. The Commissioner of Lands and Works for the Province, the Hon. F. G. Vernon, after whom the town was named, was expected to open the Exhibition, but he not appearing, Lord Aberdeen was taken possession of by the Chairman, Mr Lumby, and the Committee, and the well-known process of inspecting the show and of making and hearing speeches was gone through with apparent satisfaction to all concerned. I say the process was a well-known one, but never at home have we had the pleasure of seeing such fruit, such roots, such vegetables. I wish I could give you some idea of the enormous size of the monster cabbages, of the melons and golden pumpkins, some of the former weighing as much as 30 and 40 lbs. The apples made a splendid show, as did also the pears, cherries, and all smaller fruits. Guisachan Farm

did well, for it carried off six first prizes and six seconds.

*Mr Lequime's little steamer which took us up the Lake to Guisachan.*

Up to now but little attention has been devoted to fruit-growing, as this has been principally a stock-raising

country, but the possibilities shown by the few orchards

*Transferring the luggage from the train to the steamer.*

already planted point to its being found to possess exceptional advantages for the pursuit of this industry.

While at the show we heard many desires expressed that the large ranche-owners in the neighbourhood could be persuaded to break up some of their property into fruit-farms from 20 to 100 acres, and it is because of this that Lord Aberdeen has now asked Mr G. G. Mackay, of Vancouver, to parcel out some of the property he has since acquired near Vernon into portions suitable for fruit-growing, and, at the same time, has arranged for the erection of a jam-factory. But more of this hereafter. Suffice it to say for the present, that great eagerness is being manifested on the subject by the inhabitants of the valley, and that a prosperous future is predicted for it by experienced judges, who point out not only the capabilities of production, but also the inexhaustible market existing in the North-West Provinces, where fruit cannot be grown to any advantage, and where there is a constantly growing demand for it.

But we must not linger at Vernon, though we were treated there with great kindness, and made many new friends. Especially do we remember the courtesy of Mr Dewdney, the Government agent, whose sad death since then has evoked such sincere sorrow and deep sympathy with his wife and family. We made acquaintance, too, with the pioneer settler of these parts, Mr Girouard, a French Canadian, who arrived here in 1858, having taken the best part of a year to travel hither from California, and with Mr Stuart, the enterprising young editor of the

*Vernon News*, a capital local paper, which brings us all the news of the district every week. But the day was wearing away, and my brother, who takes charge of Guisachan, was anxious that we should start on the final

*Entrance Gate to Guisachan Farm.*

stage of our journey. So we left the showyard before the judging of the cattle and horses was completed, but not before seeing a Guisachan team given a first prize, and another pair of useful horses

(which Lord A. had just purchased, on my brother

*In the woods of Guisachan, B.C.*

telling him that such a pair were needed on the

farm) gaining the same honourable position in another class.

The day was a general holiday, and the men who work the steamboat which carries passengers up and down the Okanagan Lake were away from work. In this emergency a neighbour of ours at Guisachan, Mr Lequime, undertook to take us home in his small steamboat. It was not intended exactly for passengers, but we had a very merry voyage, stowed away most of the time in a queer little cabin, father and daughter beguiling themselves and their companions by singing improvised Canadian railway songs to Scotch tunes. Presently the moon came out, and we had an opportunity of reconnoitring our Okanagan Lake beauties by moonlight. The time soon sped away, and ere four hours had passed we found ourselves turning into a bay, and presently we and our baggage were deposited on a landing stage, whilst our crew were hieing back to Vernon for an all-night ball in honour of the Show. They did not leave us, however, without securing a cart from a neighbour for our luggage, whilst we walked leisurely on to take possession of our new domain, only two miles distant. The telegram we had sent announcing the exact day of our arrival had never been received, and hence we had all the fun of appearing unexpectedly, and of a moonlight walk. Now, knowing that the beauty of a country is often over-rated, we had schooled ourselves not to expect much, so as not to be disappointed. We

*View from the front door of Guisachan.*

imagined to ourselves, therefore, a flat plain with bare hills in the distance, a few scrubby trees and bushes here and there, and a house set down in the middle of the flat. Instead of which we found mountains looking more like the Inverness-shire mountains of my youth than any others we had seen in Canada, and about a mile from the landing-stage we came to a gate leading into a wood. "Oh,

*Guisachan, B.C.*

if only that were our gate!" murmured Lord Aberdeen. "But that's just what it is," answered Coutts, my brother, and we turned into a regular delightful wood, with big trees of two hundred feet high, through which the moonlight fell in silvery streaks across the new road which my brother and his assistant-manager, Mr Smith, had prepared for us as a surprise. About half-a-mile brings us

through the wood, and then, on emerging, we see our house a quarter of a mile away, standing against a background of purple hills, and commanding a charming view, with a peep of the lake from the verandah. On approaching our habitation it looked very much deserted and locked up, but Coutts knocked away in confidence that someone would appear. Presently a cautious step was heard within, and the door was presently opened a chink, and we were demanded what we wanted. It was perhaps as well for us that Coutts was with us, for Mr Smith afterwards owned that he had been very suspicious of us when he heard footsteps on the verandah, and he had loaded and brought his rifle with him behind the door, to repel us by force if need be, and the dogs "Cæsar" and "Spot" were quite ready to join in the chase until they heard the voice of their master assuring them that we were friends.

A warm reception—was it not? But we all agreed that we could not have had a more delightful home-coming than that moonlight walk with all its surprises, and then the storming of the citadel was much more in keeping with our mood than finding everybody and everything in readiness.

It took but a few minutes, however, to light up the house, and to show how ship-shape everything had been made to receive us, and we barely had time to examine all the ingenuities and tastefulness of the two bachelors

in the household arrangements, when it was announced that "Foo," the Chinese cook and servant-in-general, had not only been roused out of his slumbers, but had prepared a substantial supper wherewith to appease our hunger. And soon thereafter we were all in the land of dreams, dreaming of delights, past, present, and future.

## XII.

### GUISACHAN FARM.

"WILL you come out for a bear hunt this afternoon?" That was the first communication which we received from the outer world the morning after our arrival at Guisachan. Two of our neighbours, hearing of our advent, had come up to say that a bear with her two cubs, had been seen coming down from the hills to search for the berries which were scarce last year higher up, and their present whereabouts being ascertained, it was proposed that they should pay for their temerity with their lives. Perhaps you will think that such an expedition does not sound like a very proper beginning for a respectable farmer and his family to make to his farming life in British Columbia. But truth will out, and the invitation was accepted and acted upon before we had ridden the marches or examined the stock. A beautiful day it was, too, for a hunt or an expedition of any kind! A quiet, gray morning, with light soft fleecy white clouds floating about the mountain tops, had brightened out into an afternoon full of sunshine, and we saw the surroundings

of our new home under the most favourable auspices, as we trotted merrily over the fields, and through the woods, in an old buggy, which had seen much work, drawn by wise-looking old horses, who were reputed to have taken part in many an escapade in more youthful days. The scrub was reached where "Mrs Bruin" and her family

*Going out for a bear hunt.*

were in hiding, and the guns were posted on a hillside commanding a delightful view of the lake for sketching purposes, and our bear hunters, with their dogs, plunged about bravely round the outskirts of the thicket, which was too dense and prickly for anyone to penetrate, except

at the risk of clothes and skin. There was much hallooing, and barking of dogs, and beating with sticks; but no results, though every now and then a glimpse of the brown fur was caught by one or other of the sportsmen, and the end of it all was that we were obliged to own that "Mrs Bruin" was cleverer than we, for all of a

*Watching the game-bag.*

sudden she was spied scuttling up a hill a quarter-of-a-mile distant, having got away by a side where there was no gun posted, and having determined to leave her children in the lurch. So we had to satisfy ourselves with having seen her, and we wended our way home

under a glorious sunset sky, with hundreds of wild geese flying to their feeding grounds, filling the air with their wild, peculiar cries. I will not tell you how many of them were brought down on this occasion! but I can tell

*"Foo," our Chinese cook.*

you wild goose is very good, and so are some of the other game birds which were provided for us by our sportsmen during our stay at Guisachan. There are the wild duck, of which there are several varieties on the Okanagan Lake,

and which bring to our minds an exciting chase, and a brilliant long shot by my brother, such as sportsmen love to think back on, and good retrieving on the part of good dog "Spot." Then there are the "ruffed grouse," more like our pheasant to eat, and what is called the "prairie chicken," so named by early settlers, but which in reality

*Willy, the Indian boy, with his white pony.*

is a species of grouse, and, in our opinion, the best game bird for the table which Canada possesses. And bear steak and chops are very good, too; for one of those rash young bears was killed after all, and though he was very thin, poor little chap, yet we thought him a good sub-

stitute for venison, as served up by "Foo," our Chinese cook.

The mention of that dignitary reminds me that I have not yet introduced you to our establishment, nor shown you over the house. Well, first, besides ourselves, our little girl, Marjorie, my brother Coutts, and Mr Smith,

*Residence No 1. Present owner emerging from inspection.*

there is Barron, my maid, the companion of all our journeyings for many years past, and who knows most quarters of the globe, is a perfect traveller, is never sea sick, never has headaches, and never forgets anything. At Guisachan she became a sort of combined house-

keeper and housemaid. Then comes Turner, Lord A.'s servant, another valuable companion of our wanderings, and who, on the present occasion, showed his usual energy and adaptability in every *rôle* from butler to wood-chopper. "Foo," who on ordinary occasions was general factotum, accepted such assistance with alacrity, and showed his appreciation by never appearing in his kitchen till half-past eight in the morning. Did we remonstrate? Oh, no; we knew better. A Chinese cook is a very

*Residence No. 2.*

touchy gentleman, and if you offend his majesty you will find that he will demand his pay and walk off the next hour. And we got into terrible trouble one day. A large covey of prairie chicken flew past the house. Lord A. ran to get his gun; but, meanwhile, friend "Foo" had seen the birds, and, being fond of sport, borrowed my brother's gun and ammunition out of his room, without saying "by your leave," and sped away so as to be first

on the scene of action. On being called back, and a humble suggestion made that he should wait a minute and go *with* Lord A., instead of *in front* of him, he waxed fierce with wrath, and not only did he rush ahead and scatter the birds, but for a day or two afterwards retired

*Residence No. 3.*

into the sulks, varied with ebullitions of wrath over the unwarrantable interference with his liberties which had occurred. But, nevertheless, he was a good cook, as most of the Chinese are, and, when all is said, it is hard to see how the British Columbian folk could get on without the Chinese servants and labourers. You see

*Residence No. 4.*

them everywhere, and they are ready to be combined cook, groom, housemaid, and gardener, and the general verdict is that, after all, they are better than girls who come out from the old country with all sorts of foolish notions in their heads as to what work they should or should not do. I regret to say that the general tone of the girls who have gone to British Columbia, and who get high wages (12, 15, and 20 dollars a month, and even more), has not been such as to make employers very anxious to repeat the experiment. Still, girls going West to the Pacific coast are certain to find good places, and if only they will be sensible, and ready to turn their hands to anything, and to do as they are bid, they will command first-rate wages and happy homes. In the meanwhile the Chinaman has still the predominance, and he possesses many advantages, though his wages are high. But I must come back to our Guisachan establishment, and introduce you to Willy, an Indian boy, who arrived every morning on his white pony at full gallop, and who was initiated into the mysteries of blacking boots, and the greater mystery of picking up "Foo's" tins and empty bottles, feathers, and other *débris*, so as to make the place look a bit tidy.

Now, take a peep round the house, into the hall decorated with horns and heads of deer shot in Dakota by my brother, and with various specimens of Indian work; and then see the pretty bright sitting-room, with

*The Guisachan staff*

skins of animals, shot in the same way, scattered about on the floor: pictures on the walls, and magazines and other evidences of the last mail on the table; the dining-room at the back, to which communication is obtained from the kitchen across a passage open to the air, thus devised with the object of avoiding unnecessary kitchen

*Starting for a drive with "Charlie" and "Pinto."*

smells, four big bed-rooms, two small ones, the office, and a broad verandah round three sides of the house, will complete the survey. It is the fourth mansion on the Guisachan estate, and we give you a sight of the four. The first as you see is a mere "shack," evidently put up for shelter on the owner's first arrival. The

second, though in ruins now, was doubtless a good enough house for the country in its day. The third is quite a big house, with two good living rooms in it, and is now inhabited by the men. It looks quite smart, now

*Mr Smith exhibiting the wild Indian pony.*

that it has peen painted outside and inside, and the sundry traces of the former occupants done away with. Many tales of the wild doings of these Macdougalls were told us, and testimony to the truth of some, at least, of

these was to be seen in the marks of the pistol shots with which the walls and ceiling of the house were riddled.

We were fortunate in securing a very nice set of men, and I am sorry our Kodak has not done them more justice. They were gathered from all parts of the country, and from all sorts and conditions of men—one would be from Ontario, another from Yorkshire, another from the States; another was the son of a gentleman near London, who unexpectedly arrived one evening to spend a few hours with his boy. This young man owned a farm in Alberta, but was hiring himself out as a workman in order to get the wherewithal to carry on his farm more efficiently.

The foreman, Frank Conckling, was an old friend of my brother's in Dakota, and most valuable acquisition, for he is one of those handy-men who can turn to anything and do it all well. He has now brought his father from the Eastern States to live with him. Both have a knowledge of fruit-growing, and are taking up some land of their own.

With the high wages obtained in British Columbia (45 to 50 dollars a month for a foreman, and 30 to 35 for an ordinary workman, with board and lodgings provided), a saving and sober man can soon save up enough to make a start on his own account. It is sad to hear, however, of the many ruined lives and fortunes which must be put down to the influence of strong drink and the saloon.

Numbers of small farms in the district which we are now

*Coutts on "Aleck"—"Spot" in attendance*

describing have been literally drunk away and are now the

property of the license-holders. It is to be hoped that the new settlers coming into the valley will help to promote social gatherings and entertainments, which will meet the natural desire for gathering together in a cheery way, without sowing the seeds of intemperance and misery.

Our neighbours were good enough to gather in our house twice during our stay, and thus welcomed the new-comers, and made us feel real Okanaganers. One of these gatherings was in the evening, and was just an old-fashioned Scotch "social," with tea and "bags" of eatables handed round, or rather, to be strictly accurate, we had the eatables without the bags. And a very pleasant evening we had, with songs, and music, and recitations, some in English and some in French, for the benefit of our French Roman Catholic neighbours, who represent the earlier settlers all round what is termed the "Okanagan Mission." The Mission was founded some 32 years ago for the Indians, by a devoted priest, Father Pendozy, of whose fame we heard much, and who only died a few months before our arrival. The Indians have mostly moved away to their reserve at the foot of the lake, but "the Mission" is now the head-quarters of a large district, and it is also the residence of a lay brotherhood who cultivate a farm and orchard. The two priests in residence, Father Marzial and Father de Vriendt, were both amongst our guests at our "social,"

and the latter gave us two songs, while the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Langell, gave us a recitation. It was the first time that such a gathering had been held in the district, but from the success which attended it, we hope it will not be the last. Since then a magic-lantern has been established at Guisachan, and we hear that the first magic-lantern entertainment was well attended and much liked.

The other gathering of which I spoke was a little Sunday afternoon service conducted by Lord A. That really came first, on our first Sunday, and was intended as a sort of formal taking possession and dedication of the house, and it was delightful to find all our neighbours, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, gathering together for the occasion. Some sort of gathering, such as this, on the Sunday afternoon or evening, has also become another institution at Guisachan.

But the mention of a service reminds me that I must tell you how active the Presbyterian Church in Canada is in providing services for colonies of new settlers. We were much struck with this throughout our trip. Even in quite small places where we halted, we found that provision was made for at least fortnightly services, and a missionary appointed, who is paid out of a Home Mission Fund, collected mainly by the zealous Dr. Robertson, until such time as the young community can afford to pay for their own church and minister. Our friend,

Mr Gordon of Banff, told us that experience justified this action. If settlers are allowed to get into a habit of not attending church, it will be generally much longer before they move in the matter themselves than when the means of grace have been placed within their reach from the beginning, and many opportunities for promoting religious influences, and for preventing evil will have been lost. In the Okanagan Valley there is a service now every Sunday; at the upper end one Sunday, at the house of some good neighbours, the Postills, and at our end the next Sunday, at the Schoolhouse, which the Board have gladly lent for the purpose, although several of the members are Roman Catholics. At the present time the minister lives in Vernon, 35 miles away, and has to return there always in time for an evening service. But already there is more than a talk of two churches, one at either end of the valley, and a minister of our own. We shall never forget the picturesqueness of the scene which met our eye as we drove up to the Schoolhouse for the morning service. As usual the weather was gorgeous. The School is situated just at the corner of a wood of tall trees gay in their brilliant autumn colourings. Just inside this wood, and on its outskirts, were tied up saddle horses and buggies of all sizes and descriptions, and all around were standing picturesque groups of men and dogs awaiting the moment for going in. The brilliant sunshine pouring down on the scene

*Planting Scotch firs from Guisachan, Inverness-shire, at Guisachan, B. C.*

and glinting on the stems of the trees completed the charm and naturalness of the picture. No conventionality, no black coats, no formal solemnity. There were but three women in the congregation; all the rest were men and lads who looked as if they knew how to work. Mr Langell quite adopted the same free and easy attitude, and spoke to his hearers as if he were one of them. I am so sorry that I cannot give you a picture of that scene outside the church, and I would have liked to put in the very forefront, the dearest and cheeriest of old ladies, in an old-fashioned black poke bonnet—Mrs Postill, who had driven over 16 miles or so with her son, and who told us she had been the first white woman in the valley, and that she would never forget all the kindness shown her in those old days by the rough miners and ranchers.

But all this while I am telling you nothing about the farm itself. But where shall I begin? Shall I describe to you the cattle which we took over with the farm, and which may be found anywhere within a 20 mile radius, or the cows who did not at all understand that their mission in life was to provide milk for the human species? At the outset some of these same cows resented the idea so fiercely that they had to be lassoed and thrown on their sides to be milked. When we were there they had somewhat reconciled themselves to the new order of

things, but the milkers had still to go and search for them on horseback.

Or shall I show you our stud of horses—the old team, and the new team, with the foal, Madge, who after the fashion of the country, accompanied her mother when out for work, and insisted always on running just in front and so impeding progress; the old white pack horse, and canny Aleck, and pretty Harry from Dakota, and Pinto, and wise old thirty-year-old Charlie, who was none too old, however, to give our little girl many a delightful canter, and who was a much more reliable steed than the wild Indian pony which had been intended for her use, but who absolutely refused to bear the indignity of any mortal on its back, and who made good its escape to its free companions, bridled and saddled, more than once, and had to be re-captured.

No; I do not think that I will detain you here, nor will I ask you to admire what is called the "barn" in Canada, but what we should call the stable. I may confess that that building is not in the best of repair. Nor will I ask you to admire our pigs, among which we boast of some Berkshires; nor our white Leghorns, nor even will I linger to point out the fascinating antics of the beautiful but hated blue jays, the enemies of both farmer and gardener; nor the pranks of the magpies, who often made the place lively with their chatterings and their quarrellings over some coveted bone or other choice scrap.

No, but I will ask you to take a passing look at the baby fir-trees which we brought out from the old Guisachan, in Inverness-shire, to be planted at the new Guisachan. For "Guisachan" means "The Place of the Fir," and though there are many firs all round about on the mountains, there were none quite near the house; and then I must call upon you to admire our cabbages, any one of which would require an ordinary wheelbarrow as a conveyance; and then look at our glorious melons, and citrons, and cucumbers, and apples, even as we saw them so late as in October. Unfortunately our photographs turned out failures, so you must take our word for it when we tell you that the melons often weigh 30 lbs. and more; and also when we give you the following example of what an ordinary orchard produces in this country. Our next door neighbour has an orchard of about a third of an acre containing twenty-four apple trees, half of which are old trees and the others young, some as young as four years old. This gentleman and his wife have a family of four little boys, and take in lodgers besides, having sometimes in the summer as many as fourteen boarders. The produce of the orchard forms a never-failing item in the menu, and one of the lodgers told us he could never have believed that apples could be cooked in so many different excellent ways till he went to lodge with Mrs Monson. But after the powers of the orchard had been thus taxed all through

the fruit season, the owner was able to sell the residue of the produce for 250 dollars. And such apples! Such facts, and the knowledge of the ever-increasing demand for fruit of all kinds in the North-West Provinces, will

*S.S. "Penticton" waiting to bear us away.*

doubtless cause the valley to become ere long a great fruit-producing centre. Two hundred acres of the Guisachan farm will be planted with various kinds of fruit-trees this year, and with the smaller kinds of fruit, such as strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, currants, and

gooseberries in between. All these fruits, as well as the apples, pears, plums, melons, &c., flourish magnificently and with the best possible results. Peaches and grapes have also been tried, but we did not ourselves think the specimens we saw were satisfactory. A number of purchasers have been taking up the lots subdivided for fruit farms by Mr G. G. Mackay, who set a good example in the neighbourhood by buying estates and dividing them into lots. Hops, wheat, barley, and all root crops yield abundantly, the wheat averaging 35 bushels an acre. Good land for fruit growing is now fetching from 30 to 60 dollars an acre, and is steadily rising in value. A land owner in the neighbourhood, owning a ranch which consists of some 4000 to 5000 acres of rough hill range land, and 500 acres of good rich agricultural land, was offered 36,000 dollars for the whole. "Not I," says he, "Not a farthing less will I take than 90,000 dollars for the property." "Then do you think the men fools who are selling their land for 60 dollars an acre?" That is just what I do think them. I know the worth of that land, I tell you." The steady rise in price, which is going on so far, justifies this opinion. There was one difficulty in the way of the grower of small and perishable fruits, and that was the difficulty about their transit, for though the demand for fresh fruit is great, it of course cannot be carried any great distance without injury. This has now been obviated by Lord Aberdeen deciding to put up a

jam factory and cannery, at the head of the lake near Vernon, where all good fruit raised in the district can be received, and this announcement has been greeted with

*Good-bye!*

great satisfaction. The site of the factory has been placed near Vernon, both on account of the proximity to the railway, and because it is near the Coldstream pro-

perty, which now belongs to Lord A., and part of which he has entrusted to Mr Mackay[1] for subdivision into the fruit farms which appear to be so much wanted, or fruit farms combined with grazing ground, for those who wish to raise cattle or keep dairy stock, for which there are good openings.

We are often asked for advice as to what class of settlers are likely to succeed in this part of British Columbia. There are two classes whom the country will suit. (1) Men with a little capital, say not less than £500, who can buy 20 acres perhaps or more, have the means to plant it and cultivate it, put up a little frame house and be able to support themselves until the fruit begins to bear. It takes four or five years for apple trees to bear, but of course many of the other kinds of crops and fruits bear the second or even the first year. A fruit-grower who is keen about his trees will have each tree numbered and entered in a book, and will find delightful occupation in carefully nurturing, pruning, and watching over each young nursling, while he may expect an abundant reward by-and-bye. There are some College graduates now taking up land in our district, some of whom came thinking of following the learned professions, but finding these all full, are very sensibly devoting themselves to

[1] Since the above was written, we grieve to say that Mr G. G. Mackay died suddenly (in January 1893), much regretted by his friends and neighbours.

fruit-farming. (2) The second class of men who can succeed are those who will hire themselves out as labourers, and who will set themselves to save their high wages and meanwhile learn the ways of the country.

We are hopeful that a very good class of settler is coming in amongst us, which will make the district a desirable one for those who seek to find a home where there will be good influences and a high tone.

I must not forget to mention that the climate and its healthfulness are great attractions. We certainly found the climate a most perfect and health-giving one during our all too brief sojourn; but my brother gave it the same character, as also did the old residents of the valley, who seem never to have found out the need for a doctor. The weather was a perfect "Indian summer," while we were there at the end of October. They have, we understand, about six weeks' hard winter with thermometer often considerably below zero, and two months of the summer are very hot, and the mosquitoes abound far more than *we* should like. But, taking it all round, the people seem wholly satisfied with their weather. Certain it is that we at least agree with Mr Mackay when he said, in a letter to the papers, that "if a man cannot be happy here he can be happy nowhere,"—nor a woman either, say I.

Now Lord A. says I have been writing a puff, and let my enthusiasm for our holiday-resort run away with me,

but he has to admit that all that I have said is true—and he often wishes he were there.

I am afraid I have occupied an altogether unwarrantable amount of space in the Magazine this month, and even now, I shall not be able to include the pictures of the Coldstream Ranch in this month's issue. We felt very badly when we had to wend our way to the point of embarkation, and sadly say good-bye and sail up the Lake to Vernon, under charge of good Captain Shorts, who knows the country well, and who fell in with our humour by singing its praises.

## XIII.

### THE INDIANS OF CANADA.

YOU saw us off from Guisachan a few weeks ago, and now this month I am afraid we must bid Good-bye to British Columbia, though I would gladly linger there with you awhile, and chatter on about our further experiences whilst in that charming province, and about all our plans for the future. But it will be better to wait awhile until I can tell you whether our customers at Vernon are satisfied with our dairy supplies from the Coldstream, and until I can explain to you the process by which we mean to try to turn out the best jams and preserves in the Dominion. When you get a chance of buying "Oka jam," mind you seize it, for nothing will equal it, I am sure!!

Before we leave the subject, however, I must tell you about the Coldstream Ranch, which is the name of the large property which Lord Aberdeen has bought near Vernon.

Not such a smart house as at Guisachan, but there is a good barn standing by the side of the house,

and in the other pictures you will see some specimens of our Coldstream horses and cattle, though some of the creatures have spoiled their likenesses by moving whilst being photographed. You cannot judge from these pictures of the beauty of the valley, which received the following description from a business gentleman who was sent lately to survey it:—"I wish you had been with me, and I think you would agree that it is not only one of the richest but one of the most beautiful valleys you ever saw." It receives its name from a stream which is always ice-cold even in our hottest weather. A considerable portion of the property runs along the shores of the lovely "Long Lake," pronounced by Lord Lorne to be one of the most attractive sheets of water he had seen in America. We had a good view of the lake from a spot where we picnicked one day during an expedition from Guisachan. This was at the other end of the lake from that on which the Coldstream is situated, and where residences are being erected on the shores, on "lots" which have already been parcelled off from the property. There is a curious feature about this lake: One can see stretching across the lake what looks like a bridge or dam. It goes in the district by the name of "the Railway," and is in reality the work of the skilful beaver architects and workers.

And now will you travel down with us to the coast, and see the "Empress of India" start from Vancouver

*Going to work at Coldstream Ranch.*

bound for Japan, China, and India? She is one of the three grand new ships built by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which now make communication between China, Japan, Canada, and England so easy and swift, that it is possible for letters from Japan to reach London in twenty days.

We were very glad to have a chance of seeing over the comfortable internal arrangements of the ship, with a view of a possible expedition in the future to that wonderful country, to pick up gossip for you; and even our aversion to the sea did not prevent us from half-envying our friends when we saw them making their start, amidst the cheers of the Vancouver public, who take vast interest in these boats, which are so greatly promoting the prosperity of their city and province. Amongst the living freight carried on this occasion was a crowd of Chinamen on the lower deck, who, having made their fortunes, were returning home to their own land. It creates a curious sensation to be brought face to face with this strange people between whom and ourselves there seems to be a gulf fixed—the two races having so little in common, and yet, at anyrate in British Columbia, depending so largely on one another. They despise us, and look on us as heathens, and are unwilling to let their dead bodies be contaminated by resting in our soil, but endeavour to have them all back to China for interment. And we, or at least many of us, no less unjustly despise them, and

*The s.s. "Empress of India" steaming out of Vancouver,* en route *to Japan.*

call them "Heathen Chinee," having but scant respect for the great forces lying hidden in that vast "Celestial Empire," of whose internal affairs and workings we are comparatively so ignorant.

But it was not of the Chinese that I was to talk in this paper, but of another race with whom we are far more immediately concerned, and concerning whom we have far more responsibility. As you pass through Canada from east to west, through her thick forests and over her wide prairies, and her mighty mountains, it is a pathetic sight to see what appear to be the ghosts of a people of other days, stealing, gaunt and mournful, and silent, to the towns and railway stations, and who, crouching around, watch the new race rising up and possessing this fair and goodly land over which *they* held sovereign sway in the times now gone by. They are an unattractive sight, with their deeply-lined countenances, and prominent features, bedaubed often with paint, their black dishevelled hair, their array of ragged squalid blankets, or tattered garments, to which fragments of tawdry finery give the finishing touch to an aspect of distasteful wretchedness. Perchance, mingling with a reflection of national self-complacency that the Canadian Government have on the whole dealt fairly and justly with these Indians within her borders, there comes also a scarcely acknowledged thought that it is as well for these poor folk that their race is yearly diminishing, and that by-and-

bye all traces of their existence will have vanished, save in museums.

But can we thus lightly dismiss the fate and fortunes of a nation whom we have disinherited? Think of their position a few years ago, ere the buffalo disappeared before the advance of the white man. They were wealthy in those days, wealthy after the only fashion about which they cared aught. The vast plains were their undisputed hunting-ground, and the unnumbered herds of buffaloes provided for all their needs. *Food*, for they lived chiefly on buffalo, eating sometimes as much as eight or ten lbs. a day; *houses*, for the tanned skins made comfortable and durable tents, or "tee-pees," or "lodges" as they call them; *clothing*, for from them they obtained their robes and other articles of clothing. They had bands of horses and ponies to transport them and their goods to a fresh location, whensoever it pleased them to move, and to carry them to the chase of the wild beasts and birds, in which they so excelled. What more did they need?

Now they are confined to certain portions of the country alloted to them by Government, called "Indian reserves"; they are poor, for the buffalo has mysteriously disappeared within the last twelve or fifteen years, and they have to depend in large measure on the charity of Government, which gives them rations of food to save them from starvation; the wild animals and birds which they

loved to pursue, which supplied them with food and ornaments, and for which they commanded a ready sale, are fast diminishing; they are suffering from diseases and vices introduced by the "pale-faces"; and their ideas of life and civilisation so totally differ from those of their conquerors that it is with the utmost difficulty they can set themselves to win their livelihood by what appears to them the dull and distasteful work of agriculture. Small wonder that the red man looks sad, and listless, and hopeless, as he looks out on the altered conditions of life for his race, and as he meditates on the future of his country, which seems to have so little place for him unless he alters all his habits and tastes! An earnest effort is being made, both by missionaries and by the Government, to help him to accommodate himself to the new conditions, but it is uphill work. But there is often an instinctive want of trust between the two races, and a lack of understanding of one another. Wise men of science, and sympathetic and large-minded missionaries, are both now searching into the customs, habits, and traditions of the different tribes of North American Indians, and with a wider knowledge of these there will come fuller power to enter into their ideas and conceptions, to gain their confidence, and consequently their co-operation in the work of their own elevation and civilisation.

Our ideas of the Red Indian are largely the outcome of the representation of him in the stirring tales of daring

adventure and cruel ferocity, which are considered the fittest literature for boys—but we go no further.

I would like to interest you in another way in these children of the plain and forest, but my knowledge is so fragmentary and inadequate that I can only give you glimpses into that little understood world of the Indian. As you know, there are many different tribes, from those of the East, who received the white men so hospitably on their first appearance, but who afterwards became so dreaded, to those in the extreme West in British Columbia, who appear to be so distinct in character and customs from those east of the Rocky Mountains that I will defer all mention of them until another paper. Amongst all these different tribes the chief religion appears to consist in a belief of spirits, spirits which inhabit earth, air, water, as also animals, and even inanimate things, and whose protection must be sought, and whose vengeance avoided. They do not, however, like other heathen people, make images or idols of these spirits, and their chief reverence is given to the sun and moon, and to one Chief Spirit, who re-appears in the legends of various tribes under different names, and in many characters.

Let me give you here one or two examples of their religious traditions, as taken down from their own lips by the Rev. E. Wilson, and reported by him to the British Association :—

THE CREATION.—"It had been long time night. Napi, the Ancient, said, 'Let it be day,' and it became day. Napi made the sun, and told it to travel from east to west. Every night it sinks into the earth, and it comes out of the earth again the next morning. Napi is very old every winter, but he becomes young every spring. He has travelled all along the Rocky Mountains, and there are various marks on the mountains which remain as relics of his presence. Napi said, 'We will be two people.' He took out the lower rib from his right side, and he said, 'It shall be a woman,' and he let it go, and he looked on it, and he saw a woman. He then took a rib from the left side, and said, 'Let it be a boy,' and it was a boy. Napi also made a number of men with earth. Napi and the men went one way, the woman went another way. And the woman made women of earth, in the same way as Napi had made men.

"At Morley, opposite the Rev. Mr Macdougall's house, and down the river," said Big Plume, "there is a little stream; they call it the men's kraal or enclosure; on one side of the stream is a cut bank and big stones; this was the men's boundary, beyond which they were not to pass. They used to hunt buffalo, and drive them over the cut bank; they had plenty of meat; they had no need to follow the buffaloes; they hid themselves behind the big stones and uttered a low cry; this guided the buffalo to the cut bank, and when they were over the bank they shot them with their stone arrows and ate the meat.

"One day Napi went out on a long journey. He got as far as High River. There he saw lots of women together, with the woman made from his rib, who acted as their chief. There were no men and no boys there. There were a great number of teepees. Napi was alone. He told the women, 'I have come from the men.' The woman chief said to him, 'Go home; bring all your men; stand them all on the top of this stone ridge; our women shall then

go up one by one, and each take a man for a husband.' When they were all up there, the chief woman went up first and laid hold on Napi to take him, but Napi drew back; the chief woman had put on an old and torn blanket, and had rubbed all the paint off her face, and had no ornaments on her. Napi did not like her appearance, and so he rejected her addresses. He did not know that she was the chief woman. She then went back to the women, and, pointing to Napi, said, 'Don't any of you take him.' She then dressed herself in her best, and painted her face, and put on her ornaments, and went and chose another man. All the women did the same. Thus all the men had wives, and Napi was left standing alone. The chief woman then cried aloud, 'Let him stand there alone like a pine tree.' Napi then began breaking away the stony ridge with his heel, till there was only very little of it left. The woman then shouted, 'Be a pine tree.' And the pine tree stands there now alongside the big stones, and they still call it the women's kraal. Napi's flesh is in the pine tree, but his spirit still wanders through the earth.

"The boy made from Napi's left rib fell sick. The woman took a stone and threw it in the water, and she said, 'If the stone swims the boy will live,' but the stone sank and the boy died; and so all people die now. If the stone had floated, all people would have lived."

How Horses Originated.—"A long time ago there were no horses. There were only dogs. They used only stone for their arrows. They were fighting with people in the Rocky Mountains. Those people were Snake Indians. They took a Blackfoot woman away south. There were a great number of people down there, and they tied the woman's feet, and tied her hands behind her, and a cord round her waist, and picketed her to a stake, near the big salt water. And they cried across the lake, 'See, here is your wife!' Then they all retreated and left her. These Big Lake people did

not see her at all; but the waters rose and covered her; and when the waters abated, there was no woman there, but there were lots of horses. The Snake Indians caught these horses, and that is how horses began."

FUTURE LIFE.—"I asked 'Big Plume' what did he think became of the soul after death? He replied that the souls of all Blackfeet Indians go to the Sandhills, north of the Cyprus hills (this would be to the east of the Blackfeet country). What proof had he of that? I asked. 'At a distance,' said the chief, 'we can see them hunting buffalo, and we can hear them talking and praying, and inviting one another to their feasts. In the summer we often go there, and we see the trails of the spirits, and the places where they have been camping. I have been there myself, and have seen them, and heard them beating their drums. We can see them in the distance, but when we get near to them they vanish. I cannot say whether or not they see the Great Spirit. I believe they will live for ever. All the Blackfeet believe this; also the Sarcees, Stonies, Atsinas, and Crees. The Crees, after death, will go to the Sandhills further north. There will still be fighting between the Crees and the Blackfeet in the spiritual world. Dogs and horses go to the Sandhills too; also the spirits of the dead buffaloes. We hand these traditions down to our children. We point out to our children various places where Napi slept, or walked, or hunted, and thus our children's minds become impressed.'"

You have probably heard of the Indians' *medicine-bags*, and the name suggests that medicines are carried about for cases of emergency, but their ideas of medicine and ours are two very different affairs. When a young man grows up he has to find out which of the many spirits is to be his special protector, and then he has to carry the symbol

of this spirit always on his person as a sort of charm.

(*From a photograph by Notman & Son, Montreal.*)

And here is an account, by Mr Hale, of the way they find their "medicine":—

"Young men go up on to a hill and cry and pray for some animal or bird to come to them. Before starting out they wash themselves all over, and put off all their clothing and ornaments, except a blanket. For five or six days they neither eat nor drink, and they become thin. They take a pipe with them, and tinder and flint, and a native weed or bark for smoking (not matches or tobacco). When the pipe is filled they point the stem to the sun, and say, 'Pity me, that some animal or bird may come to me!' Then they address the trees, the grass, the water, and the stones in the same manner If any one crosses their path while so engaged, they call aloud to them to warn them off, saying, 'I am living alone; do not come near!' While in this state they dream, and whatever animal or bird they see in their dream becomes their medicine or guardian through life. They are told also in a dream what description of herbs or roots to gather as their medicine, and this they collect and put carefully into a small bag to keep as a charm. They also kill the animal they dreamed of, and keep its skin as a charm. No one knows what is the medicine they have gathered; it is kept a profound secret. The little bag is kept in the tent, and no one may touch it but the owner, other Indians would be afraid to meddle with it. There is no particular age for young men to engage in the above rites. They start away in the evening—only in summer. Some go of their own accord, others are bid to do so by their fathers or elder brothers. If they do not go, any sickness that comes upon them will certainly be fatal, or if shot by an enemy they will certainly die."

The burial customs bring out again the same belief in spirits, inasmuch as they bury the dead person's belongings with him, and kill his pony, so that the spirits of these things may be at hand for his use in the other world.

"The Blackfeet never bury their dead below the surface of the

soil; they think it a horrible practice to expose the body to the worms and vermin that live in the ground. They either deposit the bodies on a hill-top or place them in a tree. Perhaps, being sun-worshippers, their idea is that the sun should still shine upon them after they are dead. When the body is placed in a tree it is wrapped in blankets and put up on a rudely-constructed platform. When deposited on a hill-top, or cliff, a rough kind of box is made, three times the size of a coffin, and into it are put, besides the body, all that belonged to the dead person—blankets, saddle, gun, kettles, and everything; it is then nailed down, dragged by a pony on a *travoïe* to the appointed spot, and there deposited. Sometimes a few logs are piled round it to keep off the dogs and wild animals, but often nothing is to be seen but the rudely-made box and some kind of flag flying above it. When a chief dies his favourite pony is brought and killed at the door of his tent; his body is then laid out in his own teepee, often in a sitting position, and all his possessions are spread around him; the edges of the tent are wedged down and secured with stones, then the teepee is closed and left. This is called a 'death teepee.' Travellers sometimes come across a solitary teepee, with no signs of life around it, and, on looking in, are horrified to see a decomposing corpse. There is great grief when a person dies. The people weep and howl over the dead bodies of their friends. It is usual also for the friends to throw their blankets and other valuables into the coffin before it is closed. A mother has been known to wrap her last remaining blanket around her dead infant, even in the middle of winter. Mr Tims told me of a father walking several miles barefooted through the snow to bury his little child, having given his moccasins to his dead infant. The graves of the dead are visited by the living; the people often come and hold a feast with the departed spirits, setting aside portions of food for them. The Blackfeet seem to have no dread of ghosts or spirits, and do not mind handling dead bodies. It is not an unusual thing for a 'death teepee' even to be rifled by those bent on plunder."

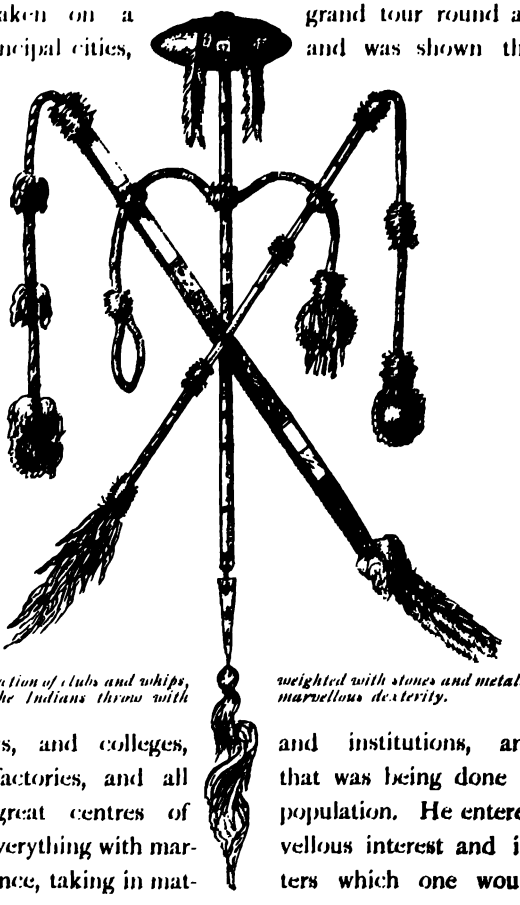
## XIV.

### MORE ABOUT THE INDIANS AND THEIR CUSTOMS.

NOW let me show you a picture of the fine old Indian Chief, "Crowfoot," whose physiognomy and expression will tell you of the strength of character and mind that lay behind. He was one of the far-seeing Indians who understood that it was for the ultimate good of the country that the white men should take possession of the country, that railways should traverse its length and breadth, though bringing destruction to the Red Men's hunting-grounds, and that the land should be brought under the dominion of the plough. He saw that the only hope for the Indian was to accommodate himself to the new order of things, and to co-operate with the Englishmen in spreading education, and civilisation, and the art of agriculture. He was of great service to the Government when the great railway across the Continent was planned, and in many other ways managed to bring his people to help, and not to hinder. In recognition of these services he was given a pass (which you see him wearing in the picture) not only over the C.P.R., but

*"Crowfoot," Chief of the Blackfeet.*

also on several of the American lines of railway. He was taken on a grand tour round all the principal cities, and was shown the schools, and colleges, and institutions, and manufactories, and all that was being done in the great centres of population. He entered into everything with marvellous interest and intelligence, taking in matters which one would

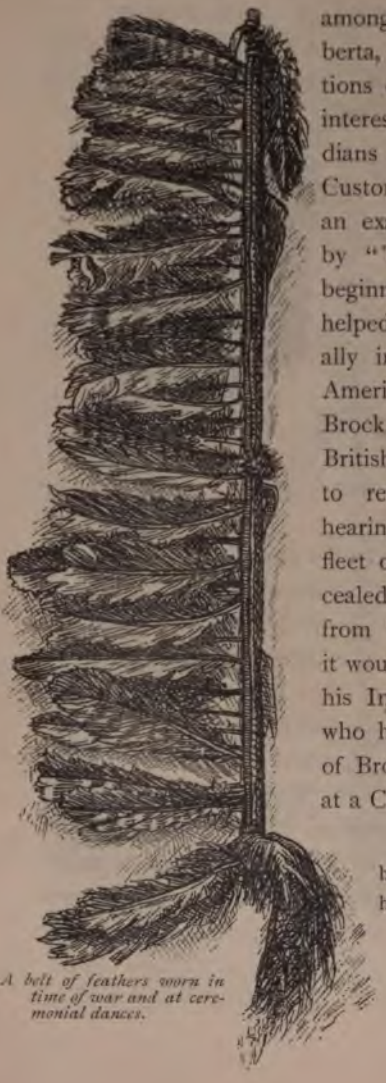


*A collection of clubs and whips, weighted with stones and metals, which the Indians throw with marvellous dexterity.*

have thought totally beyond the comprehension of a man who had lived his life on the prairie. And when he came back to his quarters near Calgary, he gathered together his tribe, and is said to have addressed them continuously for three days, describing all the marvels that he had seen, picturing the progress of the world in terms of glowing eloquence, and how the Indians, too, might take their share in the general prosperity if they were wise in time, and would learn all that was good from the white men, without following their vices.

*A feather head-dress for ceremonial and war dances. It is worn down the back of the head.*

But Crowfoot, who died a few years back, was by no means a solitary instance of this power of oratory. Travellers and missionaries tell us that the art of swaying audiences by public speaking is very often met with, and that the speeches of the Indian orators are full of pathos and figurative beauty when heard by those who understand the language sufficiently to appreciate the force of the expressions used. Mr John Maclean, who has laboured for many years

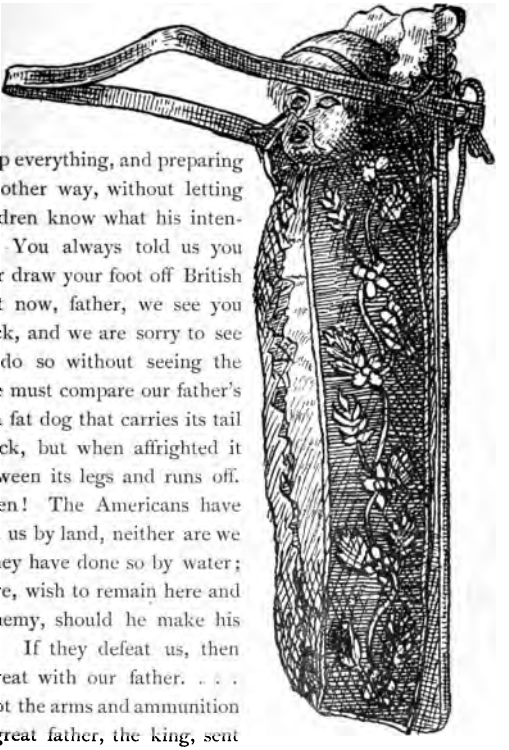


*A belt of feathers worn in time of war and at ceremonial dances.*

amongst the Indians in Alberta, gives us various illustrations of such speeches in his interesting book on "The Indians and their Manners and Customs." We may take as an example part of a speech by "Tecumseh," who, at the beginning of this century, helped the British so heroically in the war against the Americans. When General Brock, in command of the British troops, was preparing to retreat into Canada, on hearing of the defeat of our fleet on Lake Erie, he concealed the news of the defeat from Tecumseh, fearing that it would have a bad effect on his Indian allies. Tecumseh, who had but a poor opinion of Brock, addressed him thus at a Council :—

"Father, listen! Our fleet has gone out; we know they have fought; we have heard

the great guns; but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with the one arm (Captain Barclay). Our ships have gone one way, and we are much astonished to see our father tying up everything, and preparing to run the other way, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see you drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father do so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat dog that carries its tail upon its back, but when affrighted it drops it between its legs and runs off. Father, listen! The Americans have not defeated us by land, neither are we sure that they have done so by water; we, therefore, wish to remain here and fight our enemy, should he make his appearance. If they defeat us, then we will retreat with our father. . . . You have got the arms and ammunition which our great father, the king, sent for his red children. If you have any idea of going away, give them



*A "Papoose" swathed on its cradle-board. The wooden protection at the top is arranged so that a cloth may be thrown over and protect the child from the sun. A band passes round the mother's shoulders in front. This particular cradle-board belonged to a chief's squaw, and is richly ornamented with bead work.*

to us, and you may go, and welcome, for us. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and, if it be His will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

Soon after this occasion Tecumseh was killed in battle, and his warriors took away his body and buried it in a place which no white man might ever know.

There is another feature in the character of the Indians to which we must draw special attention, and that is their wonderful and heroic endurance of pain, whether in times of war or in going through certain ceremonies required of them by their religious beliefs. Take, for instance, the sun-dance, a great ceremony amongst many of the tribes, on the occasion of which the young men are made "braves," or recognised warriors. And we must remember that the dances of the Indians, grotesque and strange as they may appear, are as sacred to them as many of our religious ceremonies. One gentleman told us that, after seeing some of his Indian friends, dressed and daubed in feathers and barbaric colours, going through all sorts of fantastic antics, to the sound of unearthly music of tom-toms and whistles and trumpets, in the streets of the town, he remonstrated with them, and asked them how such wise men as they could make such fools of themselves. And, on hearing these remonstrances, they looked much shocked and said, "But are you an unbeliever? Do you not know that this

*Making a "brave" at the sun-dance.* (*Boorne & May*).

dance is a solemn thing, a tribute that we *must* yield at this time of year to the Great Spirit." I think these words will make us recall to mind professing Christians who have much in common with these Indians whom they would look on as mere savages.

But to return to the sun-dance. On passing through an Indian reserve, near Calgary, we saw a large number of trunks of trees leaning against one central pole, forming a circle, and surmounted with what appeared a collection of rubbish, sticks, and feathers, and such like. Our guide explained to us that this is where the sun-dance takes place, though last year, owing to the persuasions of the missionaries, the ceremony did not take place, and the authorities are anxious to do all in their power to prevent its recurrence with its attendant cruel practices. We give you a picture of what a young man who desires to be made a "brave" has to go through. He first goes up to the pole in the centre, and, clasping his arms around it, prays for strength to go through the ordeal, for which he is afterwards prepared. This preparation consists in first painting the whole body a dead white, and then making a slit below two muscles in the chest, underneath which a wedge of wood is introduced. The wedge is then attached by cords to the top of the pole, and the candidate for the honours of a brave has to sway himself backwards and forwards and jerk himself until the wedge is torn out of his flesh by force. He must not utter a

*An Indian lodge or wigwam. (From a photograph by Boorne & May).*

groan or a cry during the process, but is given a whistle wherewith he may divert himself, and *he* is considered the bravest who laughs and jokes most during his agony, which often lasts for hours. When the ghastly object is at last accomplished, the newly-made brave is taken charge of, often in a fainting condition, by the medicine-men, who have various processes of their own whereby to heal the cruel wounds. The bravery which is required to go through such tortures clearly shows what backbone there is in the Indian character, if it can only be made use of for the service of the God of love, and the betterment of their race, instead of for such purposes as the deliberate maiming and wounding of themselves in order to please the imaginary requirements of their Great Spirit. Many other stories could be told of the prairie tribes, which would excite our sympathy; but we must pass on in our next paper to the coast Indians, and their customs and arts, and home manufactures.

## XV.

### MANNERS AND TRADITIONS OF THE INDIANS OF THE COAST AND ISLANDS.

WHEN we were in Vancouver last year we had the opportunity of gathering together a small collection of Indian curios from Mr Landsberg, of Victoria, who has made a practice of collecting them for many years, and who intended having a great show of them at the Chicago "World's Fair." He gave us many interesting details regarding the use of the articles, which are now displayed on the walls of one of the corridors at Haddo House—and some of which are now reproduced for your benefit from drawings made by Mr J. Grant. But besides the information there obtained, I have also to thank the authorities of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, where a wonderful collection of Indian curiosities is to be seen, for their readiness to allow me to make use of both printed matter and illustrations to be found in a valuable publication of theirs, written by Lieutenant Niblack, on the Coast Indians. These are my authorities; and now, what shall I pick out from these stores, to hand on to you?

You must remember, to begin with, that the Indians

*Eastern part of Kaas-an Village, Prince of Wales Island, Alaska. (From "The Coast Indians of Alaska and British Columbia," by Niblack.)*

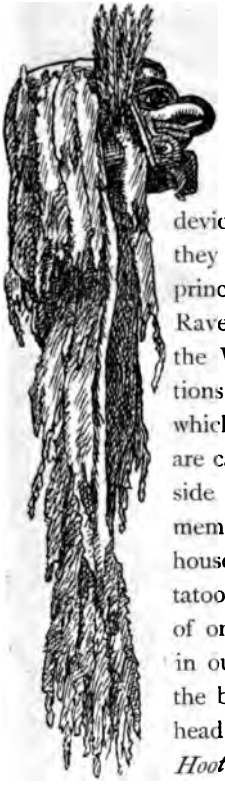
of British Columbia, and especially those living on the

coast regions, on the adjacent islands and to the north in the territory of Alaska, are altogether different in manners and customs to those races of the interior about whom I have tried to tell you a little in previous papers. Their outward appearance is different too—they are of shorter height, the cheek-bones are less prominent, the nose is straighter, and the face rounder and fuller, and many hold them to be of Mongolian origin, and that they must have crossed over from Asia by the Behring Straits in times gone by. Certain it is that they had attained no small measure of civilisation and a very complex tribal organisation before the white men arrived. I will not trouble you with the names of the different tribes, nor as to which of them the special customs to which I shall refer belong; some are common to all, and some are the special property of the Salish, or the Flingit, or the Haida, as the case may be.

*Model of totem column erected outside an Indian house.*

Now, first I will ask you to look at the picture of part of an Indian

village in the Prince of Wales's Island (page 224). What do you think the carved columns in front of each house represent? "Idols," of course you will say. Nothing of the sort. These columns are carved in devices which are to them what crests are to us, and signify that the persons using that device belong to the same clan, or as they call it, the same "totem." The principal totems are the Crow, the Raven, the Bear, the Beaver, the Eagle, the Wolf, and the Whale. Representations of these animals, or of other objects which are used as the signs of totem, are carved on these totem columns outside the house, on mortuary and commemorative columns, on the articles for household and ceremonial use, and are tatooed on the skins. Look at the model of one of these columns which we have in our collection. At the top is *Hoots*, the brown bear, who is the totem of the head of the household who erected it. *Hoots* is wearing one of the grass hats, made by Indians, but the significance of this here is unknown.



*Chief's ceremonial head-dress.* *Explained on p. 237.*

*Tsing*, the beaver, the totem of the wife and children, is at the bottom of the column, and between the two is represented *Tetl* or *Yetl*, the great Raven, the benefactor of mankind, about whom many wonderful stories are related. His coat of feathers could be put off or on at

*Mask used for ceremonial purposes and formerly for war. The jaws move by pulling a string. The face is painted with totemic designs.*

pleasure, and he had the power of transforming himself into any form he choose to assume. He existed before his birth, will never grow old and cannot die; and endless are the adventures told of his peopling the world. and providing men with fire, fresh water, fish, game, &c.,

and how he fought for them against their great enemy, *Setim-ki-jash.* Often some of these stories are illustrated on these columns, and thus they become representations, not only of the totemic relations of the household, but also of the general legends or folk-lore believed in by the tribe. But they are in no sense idols, though they represent objects which the Indian regards with superstitious respect; he believes that there exists between him and his totem an intimate and altogether special relation, which he must respect if he is to receive protection. If his totem is an animal, then he will not kill any of its class, and if it be a plant he will not cut it or gather it. Those belonging to the same totem may not marry, and thus it comes about that the wife and her children belong to a different totem to that of the head of the household. In the northern coast tribes, too, rank and wealth and property descend through the mother, according to the system known as "matriarchy" or "mother-rule," a system which has often been found to exist amongst primitive races; but in southern tribes of British Columbia this has given place to "father-rule," or

*Rattle used in ceremonial dances, and also by the Shaman or medicine-man. Carved with totemic designs.*

position and inheritance being obtained through the father. But if a father has special reasons for wishing his child to belong to his own totem, as, for instance, if he is a chief, and desires his son to succeed him, he must transfer him to his own totem by handing him over to his

*Medicine-man's apron. Totem of eagle worked in red cloth, and below three rows of puffin beaks to rattle as wearer moves.*

own sister, who will figuratively adopt him and thus change his totem.

The ties which bind the members of the same *totem* or *phratry* (an organisation in which several totems unite together in some tribes) remind us much of the ties

existing between the members of our old Scottish clans. If an Indian arrives at a strange village, where he has reason to fear hostility, he will at once look out for the house whose carved post indicates that its master belongs to his totem. And *there* he is sure in any case to receive protection and to be received with honour. If, again, a member of a tribe is captured and carried off by another tribe, it is the duty of those of his own totem in the enemy's tribe to offer to redeem him and to send him back to his own tribe, when his own relatives are expected to pay back the redeemer whatever he may have expended.

The relationships and customs which spring out of these totemic organisations are endless, and full of interest, and are now receiving the investigation from men of science that they deserve. It is well that these investigations should have been set on foot, for the old ways and customs and traditions are fast disappearing, and it is only the older Indians who can give reliable information on the subject, and they are often very reticent and unwilling to give up their knowledge to strangers.

Then, again, the occasions on which the ceremonial dances and feasts, or "pot-latches," can be witnessed are becoming few and far between, owing to the discouragement given to them by the Government, who are anxious to prevent the Indians from ruining themselves and

squandering their substance at these feasts, as they were wont to do. We had an opportunity, however, of seeing a whole village start forth to one of these "pot-latches," and a curious sight it was. The whole population came

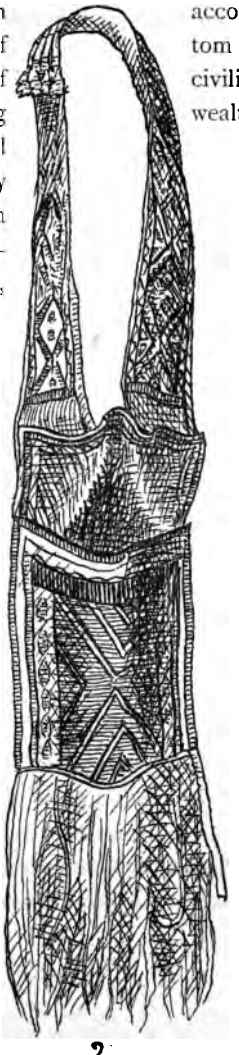
*Chief's coat, made of beautifully-tanned buckskin and edged with velvet and fur. These coats are often covered over with totemic designs.*

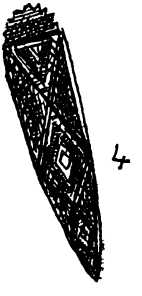
forth, arrayed in garments of very diverse and very brilliant colours, and mounted their herd of scraggy little ponies. Lord Aberdeen joined a group, and tried to glean some information as to what it all meant, from an

old man who was evidently of some importance amongst his fellows. But he was not communicative, and we could not at all understand why so many riderless and burdenless ponies were being driven along by the feast-goers, until it was explained to us that the important feature of a "pot-latch" was a distribution of presents to all the guests, and that these ponies were being taken so as to bear back the expected gifts. These feasts are great events in the history of a community, and are prepared for by the giver long in advance, for these are the occasions whereby men are able to advance themselves in the estimation of their fellows, and whereby they hope to attain position and honour, and possibly a chieftaincy. They are given on various occasions: on marriage, on the naming of a child, on the building of a house, or on the important occasion of the rearing of one of the carved columns previously described, and in which work the guests are all expected to assist,—or it may be given for no particular reason beyond the desire of making a figure. An ordinary man confines his invitations to the inhabit-

*Fringed leggings to wear with chief's coat. Each legging used separately.*

ants of his own village, but a chief invites those of the neighbouring villages also. All sorts of property are given away at a "pot-latch"—ponies, guns, canoes, robes, blankets, furs, dishes, spoons, bowls, ammunition, ornaments, and, in former times, slaves; and, according to a custom not unknown in civilised regions, the wealthy guests re-






*Chief's bead-embroidered girdle, gambling bag, dagger sheath, and pistol pouch. Used for ceremonial occasions.*

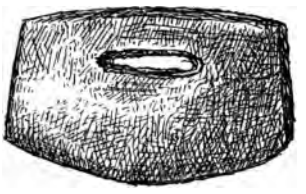
ceive the best presents, and the poor ones the shabby ones, such as a worn-out blanket or a strip of cloth. Previous to the ceremony the host gathers together his near relations, and, with their aid, makes out a list of the presents to be given to each individual. On the

*Bow and arrows and buckskin actually used by an old chief.*

guests assembling, the goods are all displayed about the walls or on poles, or piled up on the floor. The host stands or sits in ceremonial attire, and presides over the affairs with a ceremonial baton in hand. The herald blows a whistle, extols the position and the virtues of the

giver of the feast, calls out a name and the present which that person is to receive. The host nods his head solemnly, thumps on the floor with his baton, and an attendant takes the article and deposits it before the recipient. During the intervals, or at the end, dancing, feasting, and singing are indulged in, and the ceremony may at times prolong itself to several days. It need scarcely be added that the receiving of such presents involves a suitable return on some future occasion.

*Carved wooden bowl of beautiful shape, and covered with totemic designs.*



*Bone bark scraper. This is used for scraping off the inner bark of the cedar, &c., beating it down, preparatory to separating it into fibres for weaving purposes.*

It has been mentioned that dancing takes place at the entertainments I have described, and many of the Indian curiosities which we have brought home are articles of dress or ornament used for ceremonial dancing on these and other festive occasions. We must not think of Indian dancing being such as that to which we are accustomed, in which the whole company takes part; but

it is rather a show performance by the few, the performers being both men and women, whilst others sing or play the drum, shake the rattles, blow the whistles, and thump on the ground with batons to mark the time, and the spectators sit round and look on, and signify applause by grunts and cries of laughter. Niblack classifies three classes of dance (1) the stately, dignified, and formal; (2) the wild, passionate, and furious; (3) the ludicrous; but, he adds that "the method of dancing them is the same, the movements being slow, or exaggerated, as the case may be. It consists mainly in contortions of the body and hips, with the feet firmly planted and the knees slightly bent. The body is wriggled and swayed from side to side with redoubled animation and fury as the dance advances, but the legs remain bent at about the same angle, and the feet play only a small part in the so-called dancing itself." Masks of all descriptions are worn at these dances—some with eyes that roll and jaws that move, others representing animals with snapping beaks. Then there are ceremonial coats and leggings, and finely worked girdles in beads or in cedar-bark blankets worked out in totemic designs, and woven in a curious way with the warp of cedar-bark hammered out, and the woof of fine mountain goat's wool (which is found under the animal's outer covering of hair), and batons, wands, head-dresses, ceremonial spears, bows and arrows and I know not what besides.

These articles of apparel are reserved now for these festive occasions, as for ordinary life the Indians have adopted the European costume. There is one ceremonial head-dress used by a chief (represented in the illustration) which I should like you specially to notice. It is carved from hard wood, painted and inlaid with abalone shell, and hanging behind are three lengths of ermine skins; round the top we see remains of a fringe of seal whiskers which surmounted the head-dress, and inside which was placed a quantity of birds' down, which, through the motion of the dancer, would fall like snow around him at his will. This birds' down would also be blown from tubes and scattered otherwise by the dancers, and sometimes it would also be powdered over the paint used on the face and body, thus giving the performer a most startling appearance.

*Spoon carved from the horn of a mountain sheep—beautifully executed.*

The list of these paraphernalia gives you some idea of the advanced stage to which these Indian races had brought their industrial arts and crafts before the advent of the white man. Their carving, as shown on the totemic columns, funeral and other chests, and on the spoons, bowls, and other

household utensils, both on wood, horn, slate, and silver, is marvellous, more especially when the rudeness of their instruments is considered. Their weaving of cloth from cedar-bark and wool has already been alluded to, but their expertness as basket-weavers, canoe-builders, tanners of hides, dyers, and designers, should also be mentioned. These handicrafts are carried on mostly during the winter by men and women alike, and Mr Niblack tells us that the women are quite on an equality with the men in the matters of industrial organisation, that they do a great portion of the trading, and that they take part in the councils. In times of war it was generally an old woman of rank who steered the war canoe.

Unlike the Indians of the interior, the coast Indians are neither good shots nor good hunters as a rule, and seek to obtain their game largely by means of traps, but as fishermen they are unequalled, and we cannot compete, even with our most modern contrivances, with their skill with their crude implements. The Indians parcel out the territory belonging to them, near their villages, in hunting, berrying, and fishing grounds for each household, and their summer camps can be seen near where the salmon run in greatest abundance. Those who have watched the salmon rush up these streams in vast shoals speak of it as a marvellous spectacle: the fish hurling themselves over rocks and waterfalls in their endeavours.

to surmount all obstacles. The Indians reap their harvest at these times, and never a hook is used. That would be far too slow work—they are either speared or caught in nets, as a rule. But in the catching of all sorts of fish the Indians cannot be surpassed, and we saw all manner of hooks, spears, clubs, floats, nets, and baskets, which they make and use to such good pur-

*Twined basketry hat. The twining consists of weaving the woof strands round a series of warp strands. Totemic designs are painted on this hat, which is used for dances. Plain hats of this description are used in an ordinary way by both men and women.*

pose in catching all kinds of the denizens of sea, and river, and lake. Their fish form a main staple of their food, along with the wild berries that grow in great abundance. Both the fish and berries are dried for the winter's use, and, in former times, if the winter proved long and severe, the Indians were often in want before the fishing began. Now they have learned to cultivate potatoes and other roots to help them through

with their winter's supplies. The fish are cut into long flakes, and dried without salt, in the sun, over a slow fire, or in the shade of the dwellings. It is eaten by bits being broken off and dipped into the oil, which is the universal accompaniment of all food. They make a great quantity of oil from bear, deer, goats, seals, porpoises, and all kinds of fish. The fish are allowed partially to putrify, and are then boiled in wooden boxes by means of hot stones dropped in the water. The grease or oil is skimmed from the surface, and is stored in boxes, or in the holy stalks of giant kelp, which are first dried and made pliable with oil. The oil, unfortunately, is often rancid, and this, along with the decomposed roe of fish and putrified salmon heads, both of which are esteemed a great luxury, pervade the Indian dwellings with an odour distressing to the visitor. Efforts have been made to convince them of the insanitary nature of this food, and not without success. The inner bark of spruce, hemlock, and pine, and sea-weed is also used as an article of food, pressed into cakes. One species of sea-weed is used for making a dish called *sopallaly*, of which the Indians are especially fond. It is made by breaking up a piece of the dried sea-weed cake into little bits in a bowl, and adding warm water. It is then beaten with a wooden spoon, and sugar and sometimes berries are added. The mixture froths and foams like the white of an egg, and is consumed with avidity.

There is much else that I would like to tell you about the customs and tradition of this interesting race, but my paper is growing too long, and I fear that I may weary you. But I have not shown you anything of the sad side of the picture—how contact with the whites has demoralised the Indians, how they have intensified the vices of the latter, and how they have introduced new ones—for example, the use of strong liquor, such as rum and a concoction called "*hoochinoo*," a poisonously impure distillation from potatoes. Gambling is a passion with most of the Indians, and we have amongst our collection a specimen of one of the gambling-bags which they carry about, and which are full of small round sticks, which serve them as cards, and on which are found various marks, distinguishing one from the other. The Governments, both of British Columbia and Alaska, are doing their best to restrain the drinking and immorality and gambling which have played such havoc amongst the tribes, and the missionaries are carrying on a vigorous work amongst them. These coast tribes are much more susceptible to the influences of Christianity than the tribes of the interior, and the Roman Catholics established successful missions at an early date, which

*Tobacco pouch, with totemic painted designs.*

are still flourishing. The Episcopal and other Churches are also at work, and Bishop Sillitoe, of New Westminster, told us that a very marked advance may now be seen in the habits and customs of the people. On one occasion lately he was received after a confirmation ceremony to luncheon by an Indian lady dressed in lavender silk, and a table spread out with preserved fruits and all sorts of delicacies. Advance is also being made in the education and training of the children, and at Yale Lytton, a lovely spot in the mountains, we had the opportunity of seeing a number of bright, attractive-looking little Indian maidens being trained as servants. But I have so little authentic information as to the work of education and missions amongst these Indians that I can only touch on the subject, and hope that I may have sufficiently interested you in these fellow-subjects of ours, whom we have dispossessed, to make you wish to hear more of this side of the subject on some future occasion.

# APPENDIX.

## THE LATE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD,
Prime Minister of Canada.

By J. G. COLMER, C.M.G., Secretary at the Office of the High Commissioner for Canada.

IN the July issue of "ONWARD AND UPWARD," the death of the Right Honourable Sir John Alexander Macdonald was briefly referred to, and a promise made that some particulars of his career should be given in a succeeding number. The Editor has been kind enough to afford the opportunity of writing a few words about the deceased statesman ; and I will try, in the space at my disposal, to tell my readers what a great and good man he was.

It is not necessary to say very much about the early days of Sir John. He was born in Glasgow in the month of January, 1815, and went to Canada in 1821, with his parents, who were Sutherlandshire people. The party of emigrants settled down near Kingston, on the shores of the beautiful Lake Ontario, and the subject of this little sketch remained identified with the "Limestone City," as it is called, to the day of his death, for, with the exception of one or two intervals, he was its representative, first in the Parliament of Old Canada, and then in that of the Dominion, ever since 1844. Both his father and mother were of good families, but at the time of their

settling in Canada were not, to use the ordinary phrase, "well off" from a money point of view. They were, however, good, sensible, people, and it is to their care, and watchfulness, and to their example and training, that Sir John owed most of the remarkable success that he achieved. They contrived to give him as good an education as could be obtained at the time. He acquired a fair average knowledge of classics, and an enormous appetite for reading, but it seems that he especially excelled in mathematics, and in algebra and Euclid he was the "show" boy of the Kingston Grammar School, and the pride of his master. As a lad, he had the peculiar appearance which he retained through life, and one of his biographers describes him in his school days as having "a very intelligent and pleasing face, strange fuzzy-looking hair that curled in a dark mass, and a striking nose." Although full of fun, and blessed with high spirits, he was always a hard worker; and this is the great secret of the advancement and progress of most of our great men. Mr Macdonald was bent on making young John a lawyer, and this object was kept in view in his studies. At the age of fifteen he entered a local "law office," and was called to the bar in 1836, when he reached man's estate.

The next stage was to open a law office on his own account, and as he showed so much ability and diligence in any work he undertook, and, besides was so popular in Kingston and its neighbourhood, he soon acquired the leading practice of the place; and his efforts, although unsuccessful, in the defence of a man named Van Schultz, who, in 1838, tried to create a disturbance in Canada, and entered the country with a number of men from the United States, added greatly to his reputation and gave him a place on the ladder of fame.

Mr John Macdonald, as he was then termed, first entered Parliament in 1844, as I have already stated, and the fact that he became a member of the Administration three years later, shows that he soon assumed a prominent position in the political arena.

From that time, down to the present, his history is that of his adopted country—or, to put it more definitely, of Old Canada up to 1867, and of the Dominion since that year, when several of the

*Memorial bust of Sir John Macdonald placed in St Paul's Cathedral, and unveiled by Lord Rosebery, Nov. 1892.*

scattered Colonies of British North America agreed to unite under one form of Government. Space will not permit of my discussing, at any length, the events which lead up to the Confederation, but

I may say that the union of Upper and Lower Canada, in 1840, was not found to work easily and smoothly, and there seemed to be no way out of the difficulties that were created until 1864, when the Maritime Provinces were discussing a closer union among themselves at the suggestion of Dr Tupper, now Sir Charles Tupper, the High Commissioner for Canada, in London, whose career is another instance of what ability, energy, and assiduity can accomplish. Well, the long and the short of it was that Canada proposed a much wider union, one which would include all the Colonies; after much negotiation this was brought about, and the new Dominion, with Sir John as the Premier of the first Government, entered upon that era of rapid devlopment, and progress, which has been witnessed in the last twenty-four years, and has attracted attention all over the world. Sir John, as we must now call him (for he received the honour of knighthood in 1867, in recognition of his work), may not have been the originator of the idea of federation, and all the wonderful things that have happened since then may not, as the children say, have come "out of his own head." Still it is generally accepted that much of Canada's success is due to his ability, tact, patience, knowledge of detail, and the remarkable faculty he possessed of conciliating conflicting interests, and smoothing away difficulties. To appreciate the result of the life and labours of Sir John Macdonald, it is necessary to know something of Old Canada fifty years ago, as well as of the great Dominion of to-day. Then British North America consisted of the Maritime Provinces and Canada, the country west of the Lake Huron to the Pacific Coast being under the control of the Hudson Bay Company (the provinces of Manitoba, the North West Territories and British Columbia not being then organised), the great hunting grounds of Indians and trappers, and the home of the buffalo (now extinct), and many other fur-bearing animals. There were only sixteen miles of railway in operation, and all the provinces were as separate and dis-

tinct from each other as are Canada and Australia to-day. What Canada is now the Editor has told us in a delightful manner in this interesting book, descriptive of her journey in 1890, which journey, by the way, would not have been possible but for the efforts of Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues to consolidate the Dominion by the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and other public works.

I have nearly come to the end of the space allotted to me, and I cannot write all I should like to say about the many wise measures with which Sir John Macdonald's name is especially identified, besides those dealing with the formation of the Dominion, and the construction of the great railway, which have helped to make the country what it is to-day. But I may add that, apart from the high position he occupied as a statesman, which was recognised in every part of the Empire, he was in his social life a most charming man. No one was more popular in the Dominion among old and young, and no one had more friends. To be in his society was both pleasant and profitable, for he was full of reminiscences and anecdotes, had read everything that is worth reading, and was gifted with a wonderful memory. He was the recipient of many honours from Her Majesty, and his loss has been lamented, not only in the United Kingdom (which found expression in the memorial service in Westminster Abbey), but from one end of Canada to the other. There is very general sympathy with Lady Macdonald in her great grief, and the announcement that the Queen has conferred a peerage upon her, in recognition of her husband's great services to the Empire, has given much satisfaction. It is said that a memorial is to be erected to Sir John's memory in St Paul's Cathedral, and the proposition is such an excellent and appropriate one that it is sure to receive much support. His life affords an example that may well be followed by all young men, both "at home" and in the colonies; for it shows, in the first place, what a man can do for the good of

his country, if he throws his heart and soul into his work; and, secondly, the opportunities for advancement that exist in the Colonies for those who adopt the right methods to earn success. He said of himself, nearly twenty years ago, in the course of a great speech, "There does not exist in Canada a man who has given more of his time, more of his heart, more of his wealth, or more of his intellect and power, such as they may be, for the good of this Dominion of Canada," and those who knew him think that no more appropriate epitaph could be written on the tomb of the lamented statesman than those very words.

On the occasion of unveiling the memorial to the late Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, in St Paul's Cathedral, on 16th November 1892, the Earl of Rosebery said:

My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—It gives me great pleasure to come here to-day to unveil this bust. We are gradually collecting within this cathedral the Lares and the Penates—the household gods—of our commonwealth. Up above there sleep Wellington and Nelson, those lords of war who preserved the Empire; below here we have the effigies of Dalley and Macdonald, who did so much to preserve it. We have not, indeed, their bodies. They rest more fitly in the regions where they lived and laboured; but here to-day we consecrate their memory and their example. We know nothing of party politics in Canada on this occasion. We only recognise this—that Sir John Macdonald had grasped the central idea that the British Empire is the greatest secular agency for good now known to mankind; that that was the secret of his success, and that he determined to die under it, and strove that Canada should live under it. It is a custom, I have heard, in the

'German army that when new colours are presented to a regiment the German Emperor first, and then his Princes and chiefs in their order, each drive a nail into the staff. I have sometimes been reminded of this practice in connexion with the banner of our Empire. Elizabeth and her heroes first drove their nails in, and so onward through the expansive 18th century, when our flag flashed everywhere, down to our own times, when we have not quailed or shrunk. Yesterday it wrapped the corpse of Tennyson; to-day we drive one more nail in on behalf of Sir John Macdonald. But this standard, so richly studded, imposes on us—the survivors—a solemn obligation. It would be nothing were it the mere symbol of violence and rapine, or even of conquest. It is what it is because it represents everywhere peace and civilisation and commerce, the negation of narrowness and the gospel of humanity. Let us then to-day, by the shrine of this signal statesman, once more remember our responsibility and renew the resolution that, come what may, we will not flinch or fail under it.

*Homeward Bound.*

W H. White & Co., *Printers*, Edinburgh.

day when his store is the most crowded. Shopping will continue in great shape right up to the eve of Christmas and afterwards—for New Year's Day to many is the great occasion of the year—but it is safe to say that to-day's sales will excel, and that customers and merchants alike will go to rest happy in what they have bought and sold. A delightful feature of Christmas shopping is its unselfishness. It is done in the main for others. It may be great or little, according to the purse, but in one and the chief respect it is all the same—the remembrance and the good-heart are there.

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The 'fraternity of Central America' has grown out of the Central American Conference. Honduras has been declared neutral ground, which means, if the pact is kept, that it will never more in future be made the fighting field of its heretofore quarrelsome neighbors, Guatemala and Nicaragua. A permanent peace tribunal has been instituted with jurisdiction over all matters of contention, and the wasps and grasshoppers give promise that they will all turn into butterflies and ants. And so, if paper pledges are to count, everything is lovely, and, in Central America, at least, 'There shall be no more war.'

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Mr. Mackenzie's letter is a decided help towards a better understanding

one who could have planned so scheme as the preservation and fying of these national battlefields, the cost of a round million dollars, with any hope of seeing it carried to a successful issue. But under his distinguished patronage and leadership the movement will, it is to be hoped, be general throughout Canada and among all classes of the community; old and young giving something as an expression of love for his country, gratitude for its British liberties, and appreciation of the splendid men on both sides who fought and died and made history three hundred years ago. Apart from these considerations, everyone who is interested in the history of Canada will be glad to see its memorial spots kept as parks for all time.

The school children, with their history well conned, will take a peculiar interest in this anniversary, and each contributing his mite, would in the aggregate do even more than His Majesty to bring the enterprise to a successful issue. Their gifts would stimulate as nothing else the larger grants from the rich, from corporations, from governments. The school children, besides their own gifts, might be organized into a Dominion wide collecting agency, through which a very large sum might be raised by the use of pledge subscription cards. Subscribers to the 'Witness' will certainly do their share, and subscriptions sent through us wi

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